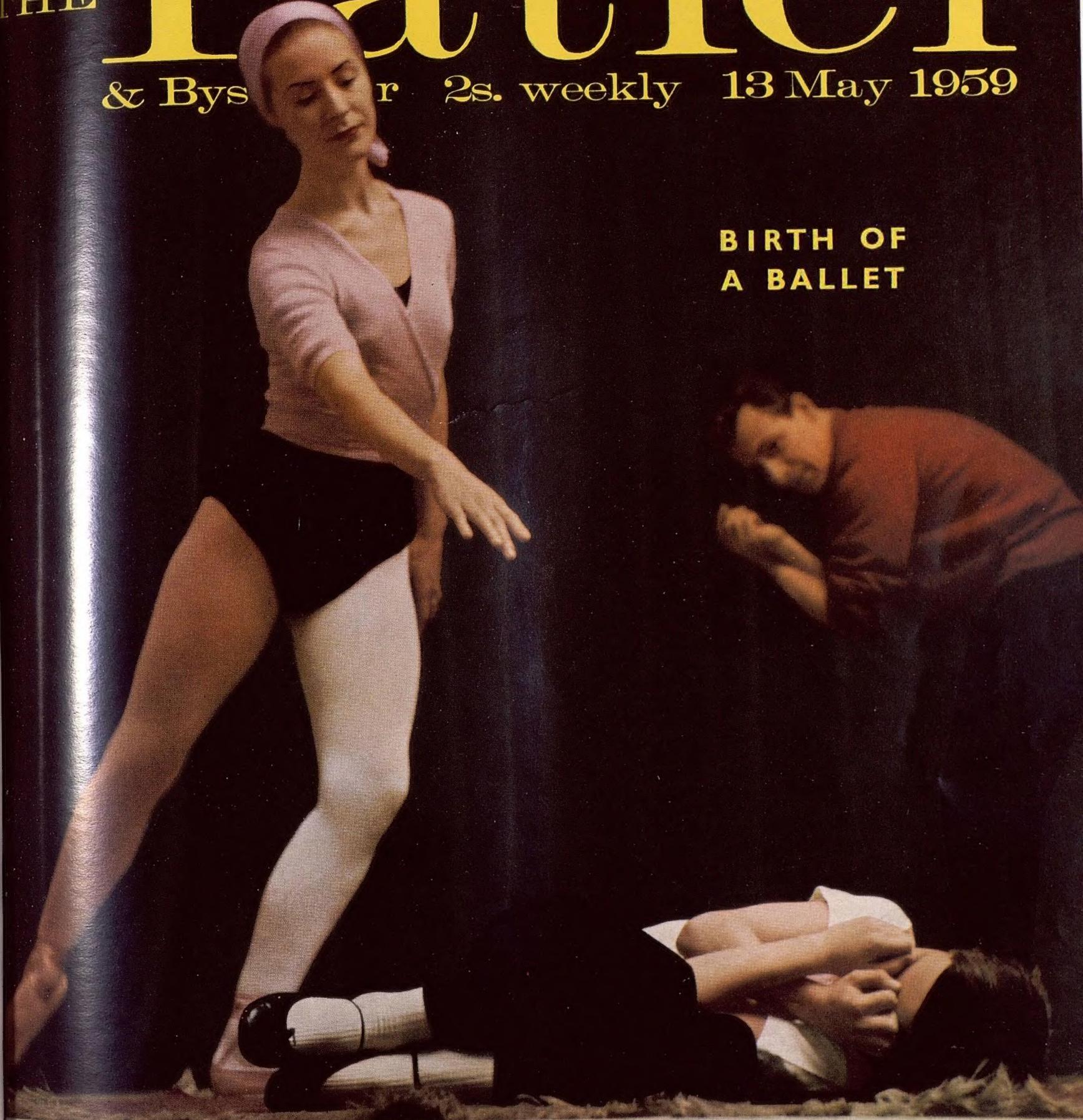


# THE Tatler

& Byss or 2s. weekly 13 May 1959

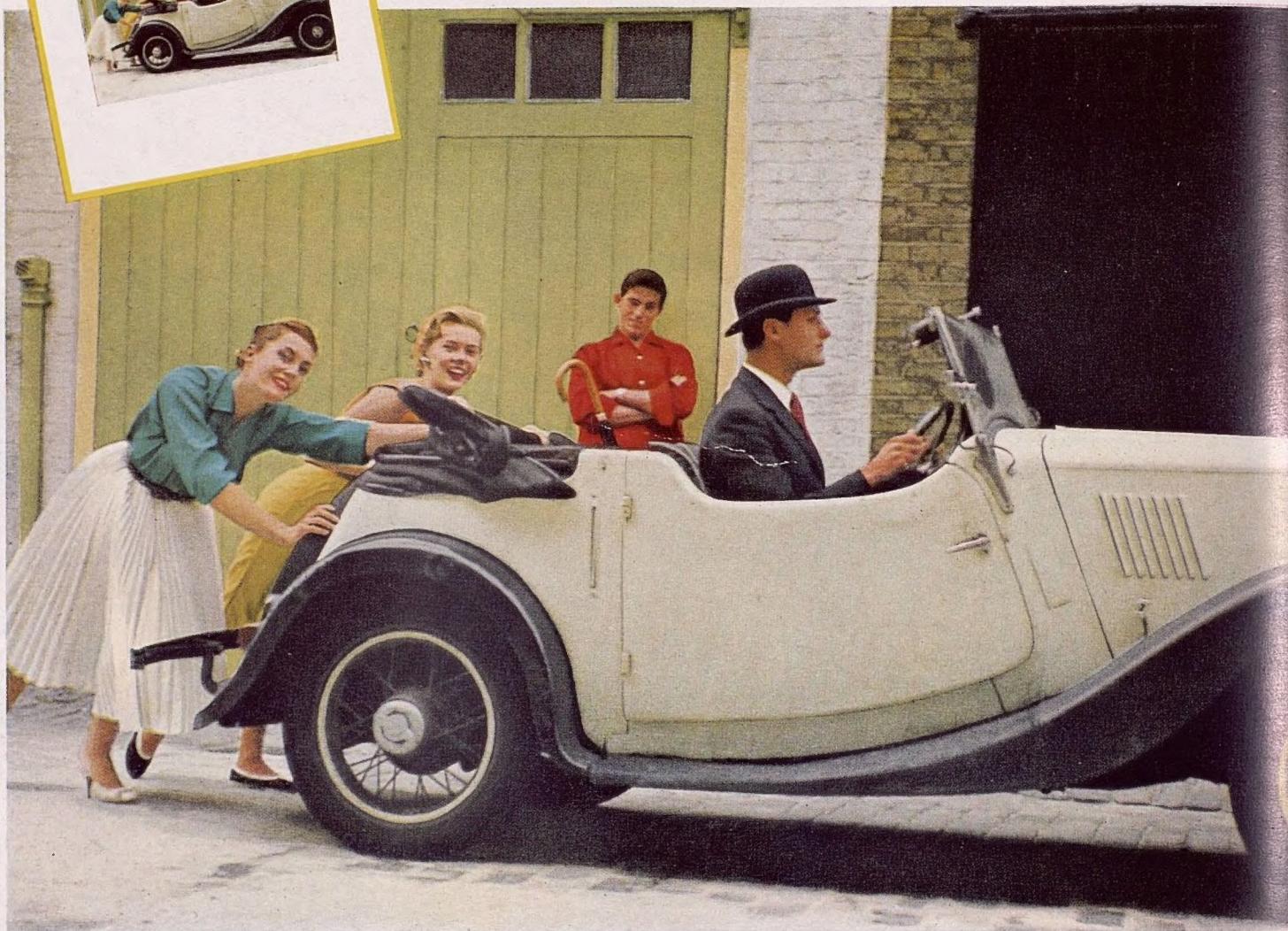
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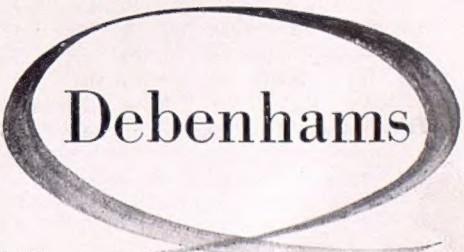
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Pierre Balmain at  Debenhams

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Vol. CCXXXII

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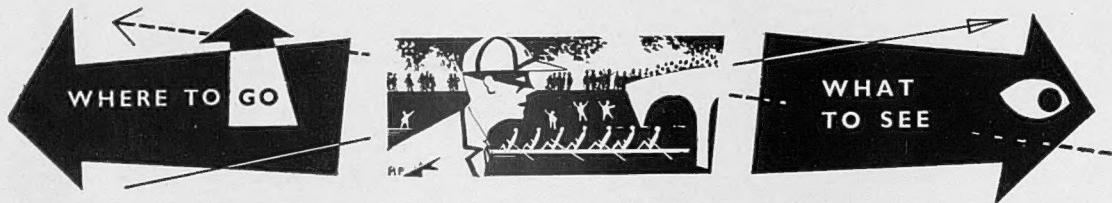
13 May 1959

COVER FEATURE: See page 376

NEXT WEEK: *The Young Face of Old Chelsea*, a Flower-Show eve guide to the people and the places of London's most-talked-about district. *Fashion*: Catches in net. *Picture feature*: A gallery of gallery chiefs.

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## THE SEASON

**Royal Academy Summer Exhibition**, Burlington House (to mid-August); also paintings by Sir Winston Churchill (extended to 3 August).

**Eights Week, Oxford**, 27 May. Pembroke College Eights Week Dance, and Keble College Summer Ball, 29 May.

**Chelsea Flower Show**, Royal Hospital, Chelsea, 27-29 May. (Private view 26 May.)

**Glyndebourne Opera Festival**, 28 May-16 August. (Tickets, Glyndebourne Opera Office, 23 Baker St., W.1. tel 1010.)

**The Royal Tournament**, Earl's Court, 3-20 June. (Tickets, 66 Victoria St., S.W.1. tel 7852.)

**The Derby, Epsom**, 3 June; followed by The Oaks, 5 June.

**The Fourth of June** at Eton College (King George III's birthday celebrations).

**Royal & Merchant Navies Ball**, Hurlingham Club, 10 June. (Tickets, £2 10s. including dinner, The Financial Secretary, King George's Fund For Sailors, 1 Chesham St., S.W.1. tel 0331.)

## SPORT

**M.C.C. v. Indians** at Lord's, 23, 25, 26 May.

**County Cricket Weeks**, Old Trafford, 16-26 May; Birmingham, 20-26 May; Stroud, 27 May-2 June; The Oval, 30 May-5 June.

**English Bowls Federation Tournament**, Brighton, 18-22 May.

**Amateur Golf Championship**, Royal St. George's, Sandwich, 25-30 May; and **Ladies' Open British Amateur Championship**, Berkshire G.C., Ascot, 25-28 May.

**Golf Week**, Nairn, Scotland, 23-30 May.

**Polo**. Duke of Sutherland Cup, Cowdray Park, Midhurst, 18 May.

**Diamond Jubilee Rally** of the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, Oban,

18-22 May (international entry).

**Clevedon Regatta**, Somerset; and Fylde International Sand Yacht Club regatta, St. Anne's, Lancs, 16-18 May.

**Gliding**. National Championships at Lasham, Hants, to 18 May.

## MUSICAL

**Susana & José**, Spanish dancers, at Sadler's Wells, to 23 May (TER 1672-3).

**Ballet Rambert** at Sadler's Wells, 25 May-6 June.

Chopin recital by Jan Smeterlin, Royal Festival Hall, 3 p.m., 17 May (WAT 3191).

**Royal Ballet**. Provincial tour, New Theatre, Cardiff, 18-23 May, Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham, 25 May-6 June. At Covent Garden, Fonteyn returns in *Ondine* on 2 June. (cov 1066.)

**The Royal Opera**, Covent Garden. *Aida*, 16-19-22-30 May (last performance); *Der Rosenkavalier*, 27 and 29 May, 3 June (last performance).

**Wharfedale Music Festival**, Ilkley, Yorks, 25-30 May.

**Hampstead Festival of Music & the Arts**, 30 May-13 June.

## ART

"**Three Centuries of Swedish Pottery**," Victoria & Albert Museum. Weekdays 10 a.m., 6 p.m. Sundays, 2.30-6 p.m. To 31 May.

**Purcell-Handel Exhibition**, King's Library, British Museum. 10 a.m.-5 p.m., weekdays, 2.30-6 p.m. Sundays. To mid-August.

**Polish Graphic Art**, Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. Thursday 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Closed Whit-Monday. To 22 May.

Anthony Harrison: "**The Formenterra Suite**" (aquatints & gouaches). St. George's Gallery, 7 Cork St., W.1. 10-6 daily, Saturdays 10-1. To 30 May.

## FLOODLIGHTS

Every evening during the summer, from lighting up time to midnight, important London buildings will be floodlit. They include **Trafalgar Square** and surrounding buildings, the **Houses of Parliament**, the **Tate Gallery**, **Somerset House**, and the **Tower of London**.

## FOOTLIGHTS

**Palace Theatre**. *The World of Paul Slicker*, by John Osborne. (GER 6834.)

**The Old Vic**, Waterloo Rd., S.E.1. *The Cenci* (Shelley), *The Magistrate* (Pinero). Season ends 6 June. (WAT 7616.)

**Stratford-on-Avon Shakespeare Festival**, Memorial Theatre. *Othello*, *All's Well That Ends Well*. (STRATFORD-ON-AVON 2271-2.)

## PRAISED PLAYS

From reviews by Anthony Cookman. For this week's, see Verdicts, page 381

**The Pleasure Of His Company** (Haymarket Theatre). Coral Browne, Judith Stott, Nigel Patrick. "... obviously going to do pretty well . . . an engagingly bright, sentimental comedy." (WHI 9832.)

**Fool's Paradise**. (Apollo Theatre. Cicely Courtneidge, Norah Swinburne.) "... Mr. Peter Coke's new farce . . . the piece has . . . a disarming quality, and of this Miss Courtneidge makes the most." (GER 2663.)

**A Taste Of Honey**. (Wyndham's Theatre. Avis Bunnage, Frances Cuka, Murray Melvin). "Miss Delaney has a remarkably good ear for the language of the Lancashire back streets . . . we step from a sublimated music-hall sketch to slow-moving, realistic drama." (TEM 3028.)

**The Long & The Short & The Tall**. (New Theatre. Peter O'Toole,

Robert Shaw.) "A patrol lost in the Malayan jungle. They talk as soldiers talk when their nerves are on edge . . . this unease communicates itself to the audience . . ." (TEM 3878.)

**West Side Story**. (Her Majesty's Theatre. Marlys Watters, Chita Rivera, Don McKay.) "... high dramatic moments . . . tragic pathos . . . music and dancing are most happily integrated." (WHI 6606.)

**The Grass Is Greener**. (St. Martin's Theatre. Celia Johnson, Joan Greenwood, Hugh Williams.) "... lightest and most assured touch . . . amusing artifice . . . acted with extreme finesse." (TEM 1443.)

**Five Finger Exercise**. (Comedy Theatre. Roland Culver, Adrienne Allen.) "... acted with virtuosity . . . we know exactly where we are . . . sensitive and civilized." (WHI 2578.)

**Clown Jewels**. (Victoria Palace.) "The Crazy Gang . . . effortlessly embody the spirit of Cockneydom . . . their fooling has mellowed into a kind of subtlety proper to itself." (VIC 1317.)

**Living For Pleasure**. (Garrick Theatre. Dora Bryan, Daniel Massey, George Rose, Janie Marden.) "A good revue . . . Miss Dora Bryan brings home the laughter." (TEM 4601.)

**Irma La Douce**. (Lyric Theatre. Elizabeth Seal, Keith Michell.) "Amusing piece of frivolity . . . a sentimental fantasy. Miss Elizabeth Seal works . . . with sympathetic vivacity." (GER 3686.)

## FANCIED FILMS

From reviews by Elspeth Grant. For this week's, see Verdicts, page 381

G.R.=General Release

**Warlock**. Henry Fonda, Anthony Quinn. "Mr. Fonda as . . . the fastest draw in the West . . . a battle of wits . . . in CinemaScope and grand Eastman Colour." G.R.

**Ten Seconds To Hell**. Jeff Chandler, Jack Palance, Martine Carol. "Five men . . . rendering unexploded Allied bombs harmless in the postwar ruins of Berlin . . . it ends with Mr. Jack Palance as the sole survivor." G.R.

**Some Came Running**. Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine. "... it exerts an odd and perhaps rather wicked fascination . . . Mr. Sinatra is doomed to suffer." G.R.

**Carlton-Browne Of The F.O.** Terry Thomas, Peter Sellers, Ian Bannen. "... extraordinarily funny . . . Mr. Terry-Thomas gives a joyous performance." G.R.

**Room At The Top**. Laurence Harvey, Simone Signoret. "If you care to look at life as it is, and appreciate first-class acting, writing and direction—off you go" (Rialto. GER 3488.)

**Gigi**. Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier. "Two hours of ravishing entertainment . . . it must in no circumstances be missed. (Columbia. REG 5414.)

continued on page 356

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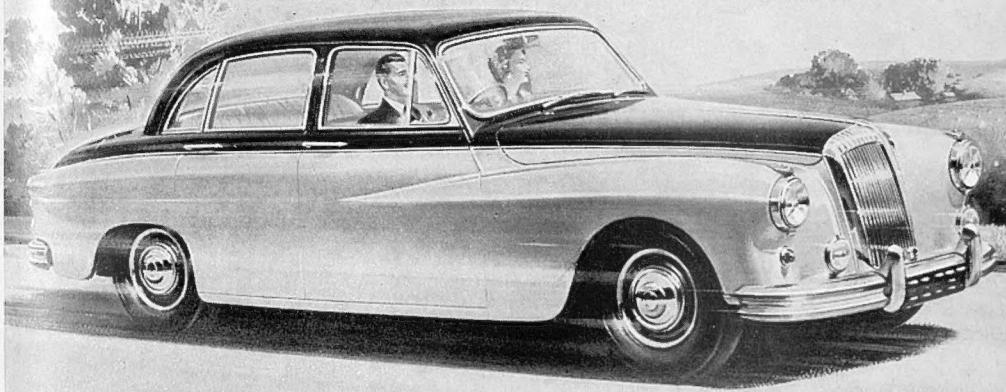
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continued from page 354

## WHERE TO PARK

Theatregoers can usually find space in one of the following:

**Lex Garage**, Brewer St.; bombed site, Dean St.; bombed site, Frith St.



'England's greatest gastronome,' Isaac Bickerstaff, at work on his list of recommended restaurants

## ISAAC BICKERSTAFF Guide to dining out

C.S. = Closed Sundays  
O.S. = Open Sundays.

**Brusa's Fifty Restaurant**, 50 St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2. TEM 1918. C.S. Giuseppe Pio Brusa is convinced he has a first-class Italian restaurant. He has—and charges accordingly.

**Café Royal**, 68 Regent Street, W.1. WHI 6611. O.S. In the middle of

bedlam, the Grill Room retains some of the glory and glitter of days that have departed.

**Charing Cross Hotel**, Strand, W.C.2. TRA 7283. O.S. Architects and experts on design come a long way to see the redecorated and extended restaurant; first-class cuisine. Famed restaurateur Paul Lehrian in command of the whole hotel. **Escargot**, 48 Greek Street, W.1. GER 4460. C.S. Here's the place for snails; service sometimes goes at their pace. French and good, so relax. If you're in a hurry, don't go. **Estoril**, 3 Denman Street, W.1. GER 8700. Authentic Portuguese; you can feed well for little; ask Isabel Dos Anjos about the Portuguese wines. Closed Mondays.

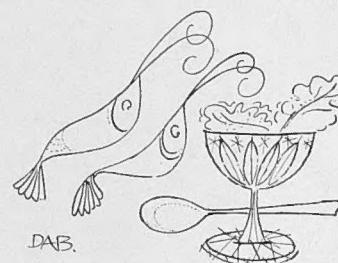
**George & Vulture**, 3 Castle Court, off Lombard St., E.C.3. HOP 4561. C.S. and evenings. Famous City chophouse with a Silver Grill; good wines by the glass, fine beers by the pint, at prices which should make some of the new grills in the West End blush.

**Grosvenor House**, Park Lane, W.1. GRO 6363. O.S. Impressive new foyer gives you an impressive vista—view of the impressive new, modern and sophisticated restaurant. Mr. Rudolph Sonvico has all the new devices well under control.

**Hungaria**, Lower Regent Street, W.1. WHI 4222. Open Sunday evenings. Excellent place to take your client to lunch or your lady dining and dancing. Andre Mazzullo, its director, has been there since 1928, so roar at him if you think we're wrong.

**Kettner's**, Romilly Street, W.1. GER 3437. O.S. It's been fashionable in Soho for nearly 100 years. M. Bonvin has maintained its reputation for the last 16.

**John Lewis**, Oxford Street, W.1. MAY 7711. C.S. and evenings. Torido Toso, enthusiastic manager of the new restaurant in this rebuilt store, is delighted with it, so will you be if you lunch there. **Little Mayfair**, 7 Down Street, Piccadilly, W.1. MAY 1853. An unusual pub—it's residential with comfortable bedrooms; has a snack bar and a restaurant; specializes in grills at the right price, wine by the



glass. Decorated with models of vintage cars made by the proprietor, N. S. Webb-Jones.

**Magic Carpet**, 124 King's Road, S.W.3. KEN 6296. O.S. Extremely Chelsea; owner George Brampton is responsible for the nudes round the walls, but he bought them, didn't paint them.

**Maison Basque**, 11 Dover Street, W.1. HYD 2651. C.S. Andrea Rapazini is proud of his three-course "before or after" theatre

dinners at 15s. 6d. We did not find his pride misplaced.

**Massey's Chophouse**, 38 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. KEN 4856. C.S. You will be surprised at some of the people you meet here and the way "Maitre Rotisseur" Massey pushes them around.

**Mirabelle**, 56 Curzon Street, W.1. GRO 4636. C.S. One of Europe's smart restaurants. Be smart yourself and check your bank balance before you invite your friends.

**Moulin D'Or**, Romilly Street, W.1. GER 2263. O.S. Essentially French; directed with aplomb by George Stone; so it should be, his mother ran it for nearly 50 years.

**Mount Royal**, Marble Arch, W.1. MAY 8040. O.S. This mammoth affair now has a fine, panelled and comfortable bar, with people who know how to mix drinks behind it. Rene Giordano, the general manager, has also turned his eagle eye upon the restaurant.

**Simpson's**, 100 Strand, W.C.2. TEM 7131. C.S. Sorry we slipped on Simpson's; it's not open on Sundays. Many people wish it were.

**"Talk of the Town,"** Hippodrome Corner, W.1. REG 5051. C.S. You may not be able to talk much, but if you want wine, women and song; dancing, dinner and cabaret, you can go to town on £4 a head or less.

**Verrey's**, 233 Regent Street, W.1. REG 4495. C.S. Continental cuisine, useful bars, bedlam at lunchtime. Comfort, with smooth and personal service, in the evenings. Louis Monnickendam bought Verrey's in 1940; like Johnnie Walker, it is....

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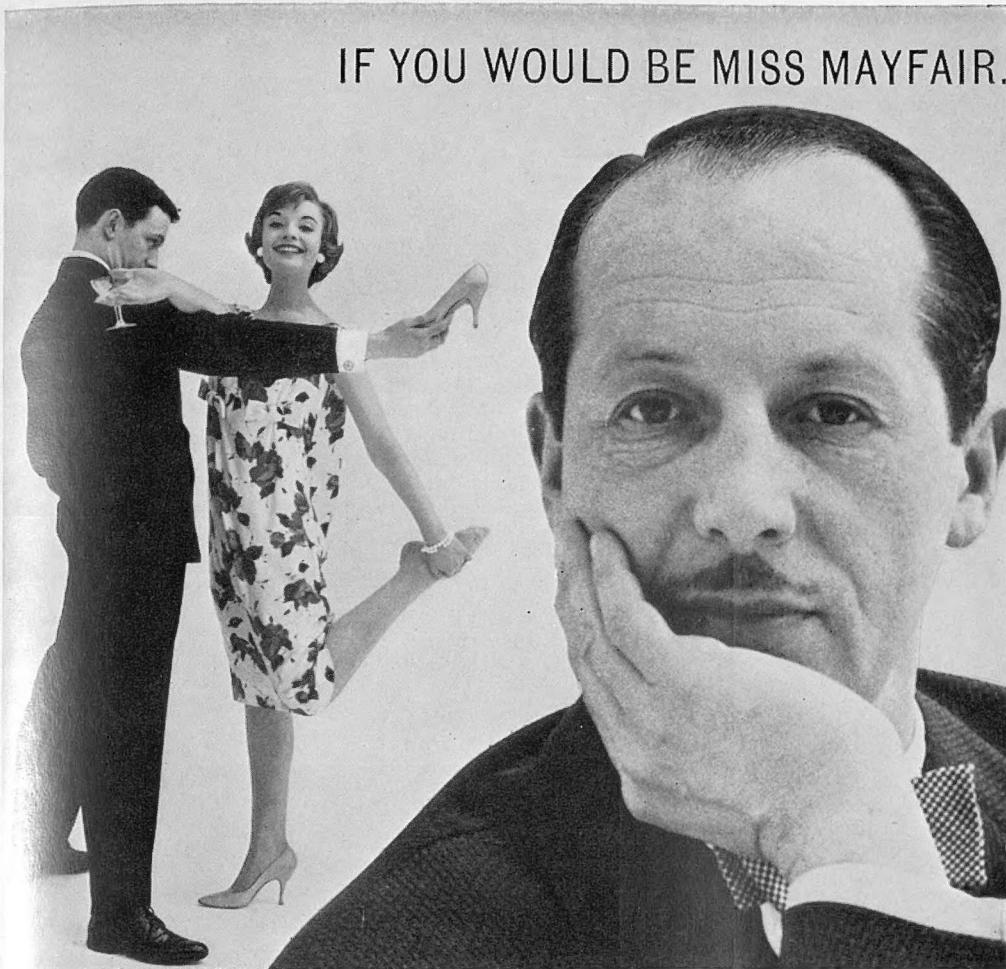
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**Waldegrave—Hussey:** Lady Susan Katharine Waldegrave, youngest daughter of Earl & Countess Waldegrave, of Chewton Mendip, Bath, married Mr. Marmaduke James Hussey, son of the late Mr. Eric Hussey, and Mrs. Hussey, of Painswick, Cuckfield, Sussex, at Bath Abbey



**Lipcomb—Irwin:** Miss Susan Ann Lipcomb, only daughter of Brig. & Mrs. H. de B. Lipscomb, of Winterbourne Kingston, Blandford, Dorset, married Mr. Malcolm James Wyatt Irwin, younger son of the late Mr. F. R. M. Irwin, and Mrs. Irwin, of Merstham, Surrey, at St. Michael's, Chester Square

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*The Rt. Hon. George Ward,  
Secretary of State for Air,  
is depicted in A. R.  
Thomson's painting at  
the Academy of a  
commemorative dinner of  
the Royal Air Force.  
Here he points out the  
painting to the Marchioness  
Townshend*



A. V. Swaebe

## How to get invited to the Private View WAS YOUR GREAT-UNCLE AN R.A.?

**SOCIAL  
DIARY**  
by  
**Muriel  
Bowen**

WHO GETS INVITED TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S Summer Exhibition—and how? Sir Charles Wheeler, the president, who has a wavy white mane and a twinkling eye, explained it all to me. "We send out 10,000 invitation cards a year for the private viewing but half of them are blank, and that may explain something," he said. Everybody who gets an invitation card with their name on it also gets a blank one.

"It is a perfectly businesslike arrangement," chipped in Mr. Humphrey Brooke, the Academy's secretary. "You know what men are, they get held up at the office. So we address the invitation to the wife. If her husband isn't available she can bring along a girl friend. Women like to be able to discuss the pictures with somebody."

"Then there are the hereditary invitations," continued Sir Charles. "For instance the Viscounts Leverhulme have had them for several generations." The Leverhulme Trust, provided by the

Leverhulme family, has enabled struggling artists to study at the Academy. The Duke of Wellington also gets an hereditary invitation, and so does the Marquess of Salisbury and Mr. George Howard of Castle Howard in Yorkshire. For generations their families have lent pictures to exhibitions at the Academy.

The Government and the Diplomatic Corps gobble up about 1,000 invitations between them. Members of the Academy (there are 80) get 1,600 to send to their friends and when a member dies the invitations go on to his widow and children. When these in turn die next-of-kin often ask for the invitations, and some of the guests at the private viewing are great-nieces or great-great-grand-nephews of the Academy's great ones. Several descendants of John Constable (1776-1837) get invitations to the private viewing. "But I don't think that they have had them every year,"

*continued overleaf*



Mrs. S. Newton & Lady Mills, wife of the Minister of Power



Mrs. Cowan Dobson looks at a portrait by her husband with Miss Hazel Dunham (in coat)



## PEOPLE AT THE ACADEMY

Miss Elizabeth Longmore & Miss Olivia Barstow

said Mr. Brooke. "We did miss out sending them for 50 years or so, but they are certainly getting them now."

Mr. Somerset Maugham used his blank to bring his secretary, Mr. Searle, and he found himself signing all sorts of autograph books. The Irish Ambassador, Mr. Hugh McCann, and Mrs. McCann were coming back later to study the pictures more closely. The Ambassador, who has a quick eye, mentioned spotting two ladies whom he had seen at every private viewing at the Academy since his first visit 15 years ago. "That year they were dressed in mustard," he said, "this year they are in black and white."

Not everybody who had an invitation turned up. Lady Munnings came without Sir Alfred, a former Academy President. "He thinks London is an awful place," she said. "Horses and open space are all he wants from life."

### DÉBUT FOR 325

At the Queen Charlotte's Birthday Ball, held in the Great Room at Grosvenor House, it was some of the Debs' Mums who got most of the admiring glances. There were so many outstandingly beautiful women like Lady Lovat, Princess Georg of Denmark, Mrs. Nigel Fisher, Lady Howard de Walden, and Mrs. Jack Buchanan. But the daughters—325 of them from all over the world—made a pretty picture as they descended the twin staircases two by two, providing an escort for the traditional Queen Charlotte's Birthday cake of creamy white and sugar pink. This year the ceremonial entrance was in effect their début, now that no more presentation parties are held at the Palace.

Faces and heads gleamed above dresses of billowing white while parents watched proudly from the sidelines. Beforehand the girls had tucked into a grandiose five-course banquet, well spiced with champagne and fruit cup, mainly fruit cup. There are no weight worries for them—yet.

Lady Des Voeux was entertaining for her daughter Jane, who will be taking a secretarial course at Queen's College in the autumn before entering journalism. The Countess of Eglinton & Winton (who is in London for the season) and the Earl (who retreated to his Scottish fastnesses next

day) had their débutante daughter Lady Susanna Montgomerie and their son Lord Montgomerie with them. Other parents with a party were the Earl & Countess of Denbigh & Desmond, who will be giving a dance in the country for heir daughter Lady Clare Feilding.

So many girls came out last year to attend the Queen's last presentation parties that a shortage of girls was expected this year. It isn't turning out like that. A spate of country-house balls will go on right through the summer and the number of girls at the Queen Charlotte's showed no falling-off of interest among parents in giving their daughters a season in London. Girls from overseas who are here for the season included: Miss Lucille Gould (who has had a presentation party in Boston), and Miss Wendy Franklin from the United States; Miss Victoria Thomas, home from Portugal for the season; Miss Jenifer Hanbury-Tracy back from Barcelona; and Miss Grania Villiers-Stuart (in an exquisite Sybil Connolly dress of hand-pleated Irish linen), whose parents are just back after years in Kenya.

Many of the girls, and especially their mothers, talked of what they would do when the fun ends in early August. Miss Shanet FitzPatrick will be going up to Oxford to St. Hilda's to study modern languages. Miss Maria Taylor is bound for a secretarial course and so is Miss Sally Ford whose current interest is politics. She is developing into a useful aide for her stepfather, Mr. Nigel Fisher, M.P. Miss Carolyn Stoddart-Scott from Yorkshire and Miss Lavinia Pitman from Wiltshire will make themselves useful on their families' farms.

The last word on the season came from Col. Sir Malcolm Stoddart-Scott, M.P. "I'm sure it's going to be a great season for the girls," he said. "I've never seen so many handsome young men about—it's making me feel pretty old."

### THE TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS

Colonel W. N. Gray, the Clerk of the Course at Newmarket, ran a splendid race meeting for the Two Thousand Guineas. He forbids photographers to take pictures of pretty hats in the paddock, but he provides every facility for photographing the

*continued on page 364*



Débutante Miss Susannah Barton. Her home is in Hong Kong



Débutantes bring in the giant cake for the traditional cake cutting ceremony

## People at the Queen Charlotte's Ball

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE



Above: 1957 débutantes Miss Mary Hays, Miss Merle Ropner & Miss Judy Crawford came to watch. With them, Mr. John Ropner & Miss Gillian Fenwick. Right: Daylight arrival for the Hon. Victoria Udny-Hamilton & Mr. Andrew Kimpton



Miss Louise Pongracez and Miss Victoria Mann





Miss Belinda Milne

## PEOPLE AT THE ROSE BALL

Mr. Colin Legge, with débutantes the Hon. Elizabeth Anson & Miss Mary Maxwell



Mr. Vane Ivanovic & Mr. Whitney Straight, chairman of Alexandra Rose Day Executive Committee

A. V. Swaebe



Débutante, Miss Jenifer Wontner, daughter of the chairman of the Savoy, & Mr. Richard Staines



Miss Sally Ford, Miss Kerry-Jane Ogilvy, Miss Mary Callander & Mr. Simon Scrimgeour

horses. After all, nobody looks, or wants to look, at *the people* at Newmarket. You relax, elbows on the parade ring (there are no seats in the paddock), and discuss such things as the ability of "a late foal to give weight."

As always for the Guineas there was a spate of entertaining. The Earl & Countess of Derby, Col. & Mrs. C. T. O'Callaghan, and Mr. Bernard & Lady Margaret Van Cutsem, all of whom have homes in the area, had house parties. There were many overseas visitors. Mrs. John W. Hanes of New York, who was in the O'Callaghans' house party, breeds horses in Kentucky and races them here. She had two entries in the Guineas, but "Please don't say that I race in England for anything but the fun of it—though my trainer Capt. Boyd-Rochfort has won more than my share of good races for me. I love any excuse to come to England and that's my main reason for having the horses here." Mrs. Hanes and her husband—he is on the board of the United States Lines—will be over for Ascot.

The Duchess of Marlborough, there with the Duke, was easily the best-dressed woman at the meeting in a trim brown tweed suit and tiny black velvet hat. Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, the tall, slim wife of the Queen's trainer, brought her house party which included Lady Stanley and Doreen, Marchioness of Linlithgow.

Prince Aly Khan, who brought off the double of

Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas, combined the meeting with business engagements in London. He talked horses and politics—nowadays he is Pakistan's Ambassador to the United Nations. "A fascinating job," he said, "but I still haven't got used to the television people. When I'm putting in an evening appearance they come and start pushing cables in the windows at 8 a.m. I live on the 30th floor but it doesn't make any difference."

His Derby tip? "My horse St. Crespin should win. But if you want a good outside shot try Braemar."

### PEANUTS FOR SIR MALCOLM

After Newmarket the Rose Ball, attended by Princess Alexandra, had some deliciously frivolous moments. A smiling and much bemedalled Sir Malcolm Sargent left the tombola stall with an armful of tins. He had cleaned up on the peanuts. When a large freckle-faced young man rolled a doll's baby-blue pram along the balcony with obvious glee Lady Norton, wife of Sir Charles, clapped her hands and exclaimed: "It's one of mine!" Her job on the committee was to liven up the tombola stall with "something different."

Princess Alexandra wore an exquisite wild-silk gown of turquoise flowers on a grey ground which set off her golden sun tan.

The Hon. Philip Samuel had the largest party of all—36 guests, many of them young social workers. Young people were in the majority, coming near to filling the Great Room of Grosvenor House. Miss Emily Abel Smith (a 1955 débutante who now works in the almoner's office of a London hospital) had Miss Sarah Malcolmson, Mr. & Mrs. Richard May, and Mr. Desmond Stratton in her party. Lt.-General Sir Frederick Browning's daughter, Anne Browning, was in a party with Miss Sarah Harmsworth, and Mr. Richard De La Mare.

By 1 a.m. band leader Bill Savill was getting requests to "hot things up." Mr. David Cobbold, Mayor of Westminster, resplendent in gold chain of office, limped painfully off the floor.

### HER RIDE TO ROMANCE

Few of the guests who went to St. James's, Spanish Place, for the wedding knew the story behind the romance of Capt. Timothy Thomas of the Queen's Own Hussars and Miss Frances Boylan. The couple were introduced at the Wilton Hunt ball by a friend because Capt. Thomas was looking for a good lightweight rider to qualify one of his horses for a point-to-point. Frances had been in the first flight with the Killin Kildares in Ireland since she was a small child. The result: she qualified the horse, Hunterstown, married his owner, and has now been given the horse as a wedding present.

The bride's parents, Lt.-Colonel & Mrs. Frank Boylan, and several of her relatives were over from Ireland, and so were Mrs. Evelyn Shirley and her daughter Mary, Lord Templemore, Major & Mrs. Dermot McCalmont, and the beautiful Miss Grania Bevan who was one of the bridesmaids. Major McCalmont, the senior master of foxhounds in Ireland, proposed the bride's health in a speech that rattled along at a good hunting pace.

Among the guests were the groom's father Mr. J. F. H. Thomas and Brigadier Anthony Wingfield, the Queen's Assistant Racing Manager.

**FAMILY PORTRAIT****Lord & Lady Shawcross at home**

photographed in the country

with Joanna, William,

Hume (and the poodles)

by Madame YEVONDE



Lady Shawcross tending carnations.  
Left: Lord Shawcross in his study.  
Top: Six-year-old Hume and poodle  
Zizi. Below: Joanna, 10, & William, 12



## Family Portrait

*continued*



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3



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Friston Place, home of Lord & Lady Shawcross since October, 1957, stands on the Downs near Eastbourne. First building on the site antedated the Norman conquest. In the days of Edward the Confessor it was a small dwelling built around a courtyard, and named "Beccas Tun" or Bechington. Domesday Book noted it as the property of the "Saxon Azaline." There have been extensive additions (mainly in the Tudor period) but much of the original stonework remains. 1. The Tudor Great Hall, stone-flagged with a timbered roof. In the centre of the 17th-century panelling, below the minstrel gallery, is a painted drum in a wooden framework. 2. Stone-flagged passageway, originally open but now roofed-in, runs through the house at changing levels. Staircase, one of eight, leads to gallery and upper bedrooms. 3. View of the house from the grounds. Lord Shawcross's father lives in a nearby cottage. 4. The drawing-room has coral velvet curtains and sunshine yellow upholstery.



*Above:* Joanna on Bishop, the 18-year-old horse on which Lady Shawcross still rides when she hunts with the Southdown and East Sussex

*Right:* Hume on an ornamental stone lion. Lord and Lady Shawcross run a large market garden at Friston Place, specialize in carnation growing

*Below:* Joanna, with poodles Penna and Zizi, in the drawing-room which opens off the hall





Mr. John Stanhope (he rode Killarney's Choice in the Adjacent Hunts' Maiden Race) at the weigh-in with clerk of the scales Mr. P. Forsell

Mrs. G. A. Murray Smith, wife of the Master of the Quorn Hunt, with Dr. G. H. P. John



Mrs. W. I. L. Young with Mr. H. R. Myddelton, who rode Scoot, owned by his mother, Lady Margaret Myddelton

## Point-to-point

for the Quorn at Melton Mowbray

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN HALLAN



Miss Philippa Spicer & Mrs. K. Urquhart, a Steeplechase committee member. Below: Miss P. Newton on Misty Nook & Miss E. Powell on Queniborough in the Adjacent Hunts' Ladies' Race





Mr. B. "Laddie" Lucas, M.P. for Brentford & Chiswick, won the tournament, an annual event for members of both Houses



The Rt. Hon. Sir Toby Low,  
P.C., M.P. for  
Blackpool North

Miss L. West-Russell, Sir Charles MacAndrew (retiring captain of the Parliamentary Golfing Society) & Lady MacAndrew

## Golf tournament for Members of Parliament

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DESMOND O'NEILL

Lord Rank & opponent  
Viscount Tenby at the  
18th green

Lord Waleran, 37 com-  
petitors braved the  
rain at Walton Heath



Martin Maudling, Mr. Colin Orr-Ewing (son of the Parliamentary & Financial Secretary to the Admiralty, Mr. Charles Orr-Ewing), Caroline Maudling, and Jennie Strange with Mrs. Reginald Maudling, wife of the Paymaster-General



A. V. Swaebe

Lydia Arnold & Geoffrey Roberts give an Indian call in the elimination dancee



Miss Cherry Collins won a prize in the spot waltz



Mr. David Coltman, son of Col. & Mrs. T. A. H. Coltman from Lincolnshire, with Lady Sarah Curzon, daughter of Earl & Countess Howe

*Right:* Anne Faber, grand-daughter of the Prime Minister, with Mr. Christopher Makins, son of Sir Roger & Lady Makins



*Below:* Mr. Richard Moor rock 'n' rolls with Belinda Watson



Myrna Williams with Mr. Christopher Simon (his uncle is Financial Secretary to the Treasury)

## Junior Ball

held at the Café de Paris  
to raise funds for the Invalid  
Children's Aid Association



Barry Swabe

## interviews

### the DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S

the Very Rev. W. R. Matthews,

seen above in the porch

of the historic deanery

**MONICA FURLONG** reports: *To visit the deanery of St. Paul's one goes through a pair of high black gates in a side street near the Cathedral, across an elegant courtyard next door to the Choir School, and through a door richly carved by Grinling Gibbons with leaves and fruit. The house was built before the Cathedral and has a lot of the original panelling and some fine portraits, including one of the two existing ones of John Donne, once Dean himself. No street sounds penetrate the house, the only noise from the outside world is the clock of St. Paul's chiming the quarters.*

It was a wonderful thing that St. Paul's was not badly damaged when one considers the devastation round it.

**Dr. Matthews:** I always get very irritated when people say that. St. Paul's was badly damaged, although the bombs exploded inside the Cathedral. It has been a very long and very expensive business having the damage restored—we are only just completing it now. No, the miracle was that the bombs did not bring the dome down.

I gather from a recent appearance of yours on television, Dr. Matthews, that you are in favour of women being ordained as priests. I should like to hear more about this.

**Dr. Matthews:** Well, yes. Originally, I think I was rather against the idea without having gone into it very thoroughly. Then, several years ago, I was asked to serve on a Commission on the Ministry of Women in the Church, and the more I thought about it, the harder I found it to discover any real reason against it. There are, after all, only two grounds on which one can oppose it. One is theology and the other is expediency. So far as theology is concerned I can see no sound reason against it.

Most opponents of the ordination of women quote St. Paul's comment about women keeping silence in the churches.

**Dr. Matthews:** Yes, but that seems to be totally outweighed by another and greater saying of St. Paul's, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus." This is much more profound and universal than St. Paul's legislation for the conditions of the 1st century. Then of course, some people mention that there were no women ministers in the early Church, and that Our Lord did not appoint any women Apostles. I think one must realize how totally women's social position has changed since then. It is possible, too, that the early Church avoided using women because they felt the need to dissociate themselves from the pagan religions which employed priestesses and which were associated in most people's

minds with the gross practices of the cults.

Many people seem to object to women priests simply on the grounds that they dislike the idea.

**Dr. Matthews:** Yes, and funny enough many of the people who object on these grounds are women. Of course, there might be a number of inconveniences to be overcome if one introduced women, and it would be difficult at first, but I feel that if a thing is right then the difficulties are there to be surmounted. I think people grossly exaggerate the mental and temperamental differences between men and women.

Do you think we shall see the ordination of women within a few years?

**Dr. Matthews:** Not until the body of Church opinion is solidly behind it. It would be a mistake. It would be to risk schism in the Church for a reason of insufficient importance. I don't, you see, feel that ordination of women would bring about any revolutionary changes within the Church itself—it would continue much as it has always done. Just as when women entered politics there were no very startling differences, in spite of the predictions of the suffragettes. I would like to see women ordained, but I don't think it's the kind of thing I'd be prepared to go to the stake for. But it may be that the present shortage of priests is intended to lead us in the direction of making a fuller use of women.

What other changes would you like to see the Church make in performing her function?

**Dr. Matthews:** Re-thinking of symbols, many of which make little or no impact on contemporary minds. An expression like "the Precious Blood," for example—to people brought up on Jewish or even pagan thought the idea of sacrifice meant something real and vivid, but as a symbol today it has lost most of its meaning. I think many people are beginning to feel that God is what is missing in their lives, but because this is a scientific age, and the spirit of the times is "You show me why," they're not going to be satisfied with a picture of God "up above the bright blue sky." They're quite right. We've got to show people that God is inside them, that as Augustine said, it's a case of "Thou art more deeply in me than I am in myself." To re-think our symbols needs patience and courage and we might start with the idea of sacrifice, for without sacrifice we cannot have the spirit of Christ.

*Previous personalities interviewed in this series by Monica Furlong include Humphrey Brooke (February 11), Lord Altringham (February 25), Bernard Miles (March 4), John Betjeman (April 1) and Joseph Grimond (April 29). Copies can be obtained from the Publishing Dept., The Tatler & Bystander Ingram House, 195-8 Strand, W.C.2*

## Is this Europe's most exclusive school?

The Lyceum Alpinum at Zuoz, with its vast range of studies and sports, has an international reputation and a cosmopolitan membership. George Bilainkin recently visited it and took these photographs

"Whispering" cave near the 400-year-old village square is a favourite rendezvous for juniors allowed to visit Zuoz for two hours on Saturday afternoons. Below, right: Wrestling practice on the nearby mountain slopes helps develop self-reliance



Cricket and fives are compulsory. Sons of the rich from many countries study alongside local children. Fees are £200 a term and classrooms are equipped on a university scale. Such is the extraordinary blend that attracts parents ranging from German princes to South American tycoons to have their sons educated at Switzerland's Lyceum Alpinum. The school is in the delightful village of Zuoz, 5,680 ft. above sea level. There are 150 boarders, and 60-odd local boys and girls (all carefully chosen for fitness and educational standards) who include the daughter of the village postmaster and the children of a store-owner in nearby St. Moritz. The Zuozonians studies hard (in small classes) and plays hard (on the country's most extensive fields). One boy's compulsory subjects may include Greek, Latin, German, French, history, mathematics, physics, natural sciences, geography and drawing. Sports range from skiing to swimming, and sportsmanship is stressed — defaulters announce their own breaches of rules.

1



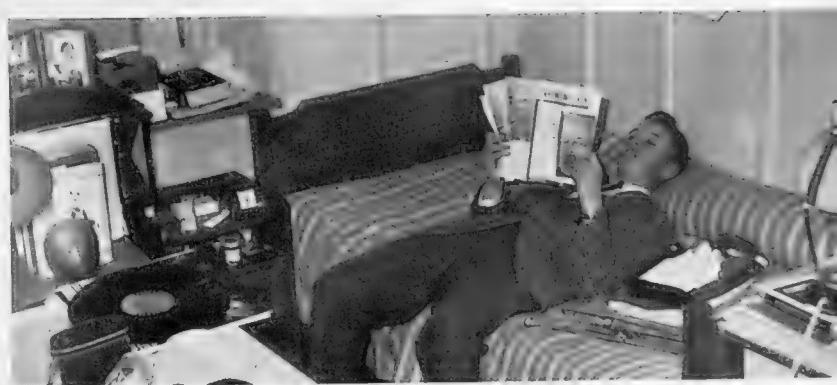
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1 Paul Muller, at 10 the "baby" of the school, in the well-stocked library

2 Mr. E. Gordon Spence came from Oxford in May 1923 for two years and has stayed 36. He controls all sports, teaches English to advanced students

3 Stamp collecting is a favourite hobby at Zuoz. Students are encouraged to develop their own particular interests

4 Senior bedrooms are in the luxury class. Cameras, recording equipment, a trumpet, reflect student interests



Dr. Nadig-Weber fits in twice-weekly biology classes along with his many duties. His aim "to know every pupil"

A game of fives at Zuoz. The school has the most extensive sports fields in Switzerland with two cricket and four hockey pitches as well as handball, soccer and athletics fields





# NEWS PORTRAITS

**SUCCESSION** Lord Cottesloe is the new Chairman of the Tate Gallery. A trustee for the past six years, he succeeded Sir Dennis Proctor.

Vice-chairman of the Port of London Authority and a former Cambridge rowing

Blue, Lord Cottesloe is also a noted marksman (he is vice-chairman of the National Rifle Association Council). He has a small collection of Sickert, Wilson Steer and Augustus John at his Hampstead home, where he is seen in the garden with his wife. They were married in March



Ida Kar

**SWITCH** Miss Eleanor Macdonald (*left*) who first introduced beauty treatment as a form of therapy in mental hospitals is now to help provide African women with western glamour. She has resigned her directorship of Atkinsons, the perfumers, to join the United Africa Company for whom she will introduce new merchandise and sales techniques. Miss Macdonald, a B.A. (Sociology), was awarded the M.B.E. for wartime liaison work and was at one time staff controller for Selfridges' 2,000 women employees

**SEARCH** Mr. Leslie H. Daiken (*below*), owner of a large toy collection, is on the way to realizing a personal ambition—the establishment of a National Toy Museum. His collection, gathered from all parts of the world, has been exhibited successively in a basement off the Strand, Leighton House, Kensington, Manchester Art Gallery, Leicester Museum and, finally, in Hove. Now Rottingdean's municipal authorities have offered the collection a home at The Grange. Financial support has come from the British Toy Manufacturers' Association. Mr. Daiken is shown with his two daughters, Melanie, 13, and Elinor, 12

Alan Vines



**SERVICE** Mr. W. A. Munford, Director-General of the National Library for the Blind in Westminster, has ensured that schools for blind children all over the country will be able to hear Shakespeare's works. Recordings of each play will be stocked in duplicate and dispatched on request. The Post Office is allowing them to be sent at "blind postage rates." Mr. Munford is photographed with Miss Lorna Cowburn, head of the newly-started record section





FIRST CONFERENCE for choreographer and principal dancers. Norman Dixon talks to Antoinette Sibley. In the background, Ann Horn and Gary Burne

FIRST REHEARSAL. Gary Burne & Antoinette Sibley (the ballet's young lovers) work out a step as the ballet takes shape

Dixon goes down on his knees to demonstrate a point. Watching is 11-year-old John Parsons (the Son as a child)

Drama quickens as the Mother Burne) for the first time after



# The birth of a ballet

At a Sunday club dancers and choreographers experiment with their ideas. How a new ballet was created there is traced by **Alan Roberts**

**W**E WERE LISTENING TO GRAMOPHONE MUSIC AT THE HOME OF A FRIEND when suddenly, after a record of the little-known Third Symphony by the German-American composer Ernst Toch, Norman Dixon emerged from the big armchair in which he had been hidden to announce excitedly: "I have been looking for that music for years." I did not know it then, but I was in on the birth of a ballet.

At that time Norman Dixon was still *premier danseur* of the Ballet Rambert. He had only one ballet, *Voice In The Wilderness*, to his credit as a choreographer. Like Jerome (*West Side Story*) Robbins, with whom one critic has compared him, he had become a dancer the hard way. Defying those who say would-be ballet dancers must start very young he did not take his first lesson until he was 18.

It was wartime and he was a "Bevin Boy" working in a coalmine; but his determination to become a dancer gave him the energy for ballet lessons even after an exhausting day in the pit. The war over, his resolution to get to the top as a dancer took him to the Rambert School where, again like Jerome Robbins, he did caretaker work to pay for his tuition until he became a member of the Ballet Rambert company. He stayed with them until a few weeks ago.

For years the germ of an idea for a ballet he would one day create had been incubating in his mind. It had no definite shape but was vaguely concerned with the post-war neuroses of a mother long separated from her soldier husband and loving her son with a suffocating possessiveness. Toch's music on the gramophone suddenly illuminated the whole idea. Listening to the record again and again, the choreographer began to see the complete story in his mind. *continued overleaf*



PHOTOGRAPHS BY GREY LACEY

(Ann Horn) strikes her son (Gary finding him with a young girl

The ballet develops. Now stage director Peter Jay, score in hand, checks lighting cues for the rehearsal sequences

A costume problem. "Could it be shorter, like this, please?" Antoinette Sibley asks dancer-designer Ronald Yerrell



## The birth of a ballet

*continued*



BEGINNERS PLEASE. A snap of the choreographer's fingers brings the children running to rehearsal. Seated (centre) is Mr. Francis Sitwell, one of the two founders of the Sunday Ballet Club



MOTHER & SON in two versions. Ann Horn with John Parsons. Above, right: In the same pose with Gary Burne as the boy grown up

DAY'S END. The rehearsal is over, dancer Frans Van Norde, hand to head, relaxes, almost collapses, against the exercise barre



Climaxes and nuances began to suggest themselves and he was able to make a complete and detailed synopsis of the sequences illustrated with little diagrams of swirling arrows.

But for the initiative of two young men not professionally connected with the ballet, however, that might have been as far as Norman Dixon's *The Cord* would have got for a long time. These two, James Ranger and Sacheverell Sitwell's son Francis (both of whom work for the same oil company), are the founders of the Sunday Ballet Club. Started just over a year ago, this club provides a theatre where on Sunday nights young choreographers can stage their creations.

So it was naturally to the club, which successfully presented his first ballet last year, that Dixon turned with his new and more ambitious work. With the club's blessing he began to look around for a cast of 14 ready to work entirely for love—for all the dancers at these performances give their services free.

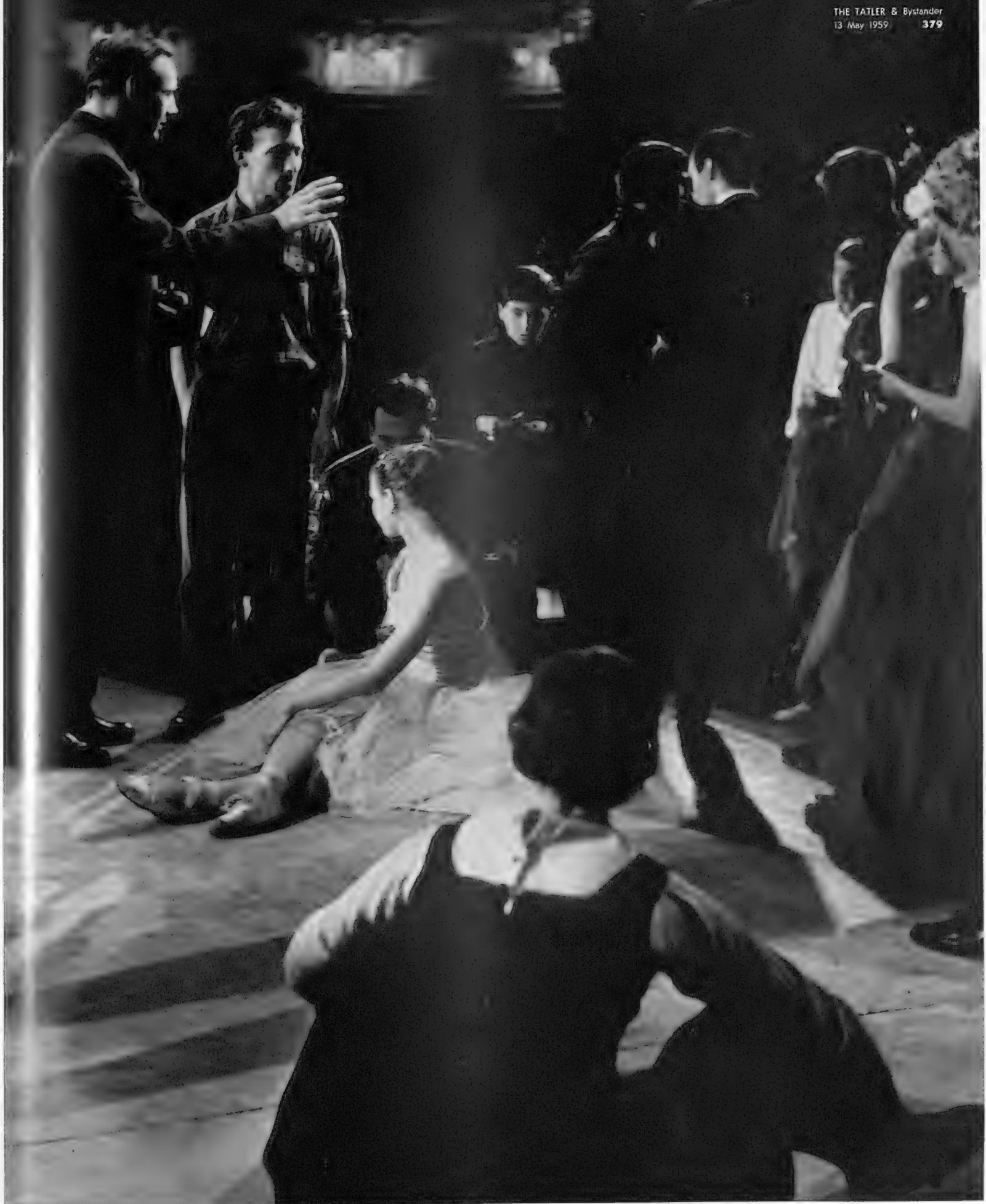
For the dramatic role of the Mother he wanted Ann Horn, with whom he had danced for five years in the Ballet Rambert; for her Husband, Kenneth Smith; for her Son as a youth and for the Girl he falls in love with, Gary Burne and Antoinette Sibley, both soloists of the Royal Ballet. All agreed readily and rehearsals (to gramophone music) began with a *corps de ballet* of dance students and five child dancers. Among the children was a remarkable discovery, 11-year-old John Parsons, who took the role of the Son as a child.

Rehearsals, arranged with difficulty to suit so many people with other commitments, dragged on for weeks. Slowly the drama so long in gestation in the choreographer's mind began to grip the imagination of all, as this brilliant young man nursed his cast with infinite patience.

"Normally," he says, "I know exactly what I want from the dancers before a rehearsal. But when I get there I am ready to adapt myself to their feelings. It is essential they should be happy and able to feel the emotions they are asked to express."

And so when on a recent Sunday night at Wyndham's Theatre *The Cord* burst on to the stage, dressed in striking costumes by designer-dancer-choreographer Ronald Yerrell, it was unnecessary to wait until the following morning to know what sort of thing the critics would write (*see page 380*).

DRESS REHEARSAL. The dancers are ready, the stage is set. James Ranger, director of the Sunday Ballet Club, and Norman Dixon confer briefly before the final run-through in costume at Wyndham's. Soon the verdict will lie with an audience





ON THE NIGHT, at Wyndham's, a ballet comes to life as Boy (Gary Burne) meets Girl (Antoinette Sibley) in the glow of footlights, the glamour of a single spotlight

THE BIRTH OF A BALLET *continued*

## WHAT THE PAPERS SAID

*Daily Telegraph:* A textbook piece for all other young choreographers. . . . Ann Horn gave one of the most remarkable acting performances that anything in English Ballet can show today.

*Daily Express:* Mr. Dixon made the programme worth while with a miniature drama of considerable power, imagination and inventiveness. . . . A scene-stealing child performance by John Parsons.

*Financial Times:* . . . not just a novelty created for the occasion, but rather a work of art, pre-existing inside its creator, which had clamoured for utterance. . . . There is no concession to prettiness or pattern making here. All is communication. . . . None of the other four pieces in the first

programme of the club's new season approached this level.

*News Chronicle:* Most enterprising of the new works was *The Cord* with choreography by Norman Dixon. But perhaps the most arresting performance was given by John Parsons. He is not merely an actor of intelligence and sensibility, but showed a natural gift of movement and a grasp of music astonishing in one so young.

*Manchester Guardian:* . . . one of those highly dramatic efforts, in the manner of Antony Tudor, which can so easily stray into pretentious silliness. Mr. Dixon's touch has been exact and delicate; his theme . . . has been sketched rather than given emphatic detail and the result is, against the odds, acceptable.

# VERDICTS

on new plays, films, books and records

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THE TATLER  
& Bystander  
13 May 1959

## You'll have to forget Voltaire

### THEATRE

Anthony Cookman

THE AMERICAN MUSICAL is obviously determined to eat up, one by one, all the world's literary classics. Seneca cannot be too heavy for Broadway nor Plautus too light. It will some day probably try desperately to resolve into snappy lyrics the highly Latinized, rhythmically complex periods of Sir Thomas Browne's *Urn Burial* and itself perish of a catastrophic indigestion. Meanwhile down the hatch goes *Candide*, and the effect, while not altogether happy, is much less unhappy than might have been feared.

Forget that the most famous of all Voltaire's works is a delicate repast for the literary epicure, that in the scintillating pages of what is outwardly a romance of the most slippant kind the pettiness and misery of man seem to borrow from the writer's relentless laughter a new intensity.

Forget also that Miss Lillian Hellman, who has adapted the ironic romance, is apparently incapable of anything that can be called irony at all. She uses some Voltaireanisms, but almost invariably so places them that they come over coloured with a crude indignation or a coyness which destroys their effect. Forget, so far as is possible, all comparisons with the original and take the show at the Saville Theatre simply for what it is—a picaresque and slightly improper tale set to tongue-in-the-cheek music. Taken so, it will seem not too bad—certainly not so bad as some of the gallery first-nighters found it. Its shortcomings will be at any rate its own, and you will be able more easily to give the entertainment credit for trying hard to draw out of lively song and dance a serious moral.

The moral is that the world, whatever canting profferers of optimism may pretend, is a place plentifully scattered with mantraps ready to spring unpleasant surprises which we must face up to as best we can.

Mr. Robert Lewis is a brightly inventive director who keeps the eye busy. He sets the tale of fantastic adventures moving briskly from the rape of the wedding party in Westphalia to the *auto-da-fé* and the earthquake at Lisbon, from the seamy side of 18th-century Paris to the even seamier side of Buenos Aires, from Europe to fabled El Dorado where diamonds are street-refuse, back to the faro-tellers and sham marquises of the Faubourg St. Honore.

It is a pity, to my thinking, that he uses the egregious Pangloss as the sort of narrator who is always popping up to apologize naïvely and effusively for the incredibility of the incidents that are about to be presented. There is something terribly arty-crafty about this theatrical device. Mr. Laurence Naismith nevertheless manages the business adroitly. As Pangloss he fairly sweats optimism, and later doubling the part



Denis Quilley as the simple Candide, and Mary Costa as his inconstant girl-friend Cunégonde

with that of Martin exudes no less freely the blackest pessimism.

Mr. Leonard Bernstein's score—much more playful than the music he wrote for *West Side Story*—consists for the main part of parodies of operatic forms and is at its most brilliant in the Jewel Song composed for the heroine as she tries on the finery provided for her in the Parisian brothel. Miss Mary Costa "stops the show," as they say, with this bravura piece.

Miss Costa not only sings Cunégonde with fine vivacity, she acts with gusto. She is no less good as the hoydenish girl eager to anticipate the joys of marriage with the pure-minded Candide than as the woman drifting gaily from one tarnishing adventure to another without losing her respect for her faithful swain but wholly unable to resist trading her charms whenever anyone holds a diamond bracelet before her eyes. And she even contrives to be in the picture at the end as the travel-stained wife whom the now disillusioned Candide holds with solemn exhortation to "make our garden grow."

Mr. Denis Quilley is all that a musical *Candide* should be—handsome, melodious, and sympathetically trustful. Miss Edith Coates has some lively numbers as the Old Lady (about whom not half the truth is told by the adaptor), and Mr. Ron Moody has a good moment or two as the Argentinian governor who, when he has tired of the ladies, politely measures them for their coffins and calmly consigns the coffins to sea.

Mr. Osbert Lancaster's sets and costumes are yet another reason for not being put off a musical which may be poor enough as a version of an immortal satire but still has some delightful qualities of its own—good singing, vigorous and various dancing, an inventively presented story and a moral into the bargain.

## It could happen to me—I hope

### THE PLAY:

*Candide*  
Mary Costa  
Edith Coates  
Laurence Naismith  
Denis Quilley  
Ron Moody

SOMEBODY seems to have succeeded in putting across to Hollywood the idea that films in which a little woman defies authority or tyranny fights for her rights and becomes the pin-up girl of every freedom-loving telly-viewer from coast to coast are universally popular: men regard this character with fond condescension, women burn to emulate her, and everybody's happy. I am, myself. I am delighted that Hollywood has found

### CINEMA

by Elspeth Grant

continued overleaf

it can profitably give us little women a break—and I hope this puts an end to all those goddam dreary war films in which the only "she" is a ship, a rocket or the regimental goat.

Miss Doris Day, dear girl, is the heroine of **It Happened To Jane**, a merry and charming comedy, skilfully produced and directed by Mr. Richard Quine, and set against a quite extraordinarily pleasing background—the New England landscape, with the woods of Maine and all that. She has a mail-order business in live lobsters and works hard to make it pay: it is a serious setback to her when, through a delay on the railroad, a consignment of lobsters is found by the customer to be dead on arrival, and is rejected.

Courageously, and against the advice of her loyal but unadventurous lawyer, Mr. Jack Lemmon, she sues the railroad company, which is owned by the meanest of millionaires—that divine Mr. Ernie Kovacs whom you may remember from *Bell, Book and Candle* but will not recognize in his new guise of a slow-burning, bald-headed bully.

Miss Day wins her case and is awarded handsome damages. Mr. Kovacs's retort is ingenious, but bless you, what chance has he against a pretty young widow with two small children and public opinion behind her?

The screenplay, wittily written by Mr. Norman Katkov, has necessarily to do a little flag-waving for democracy, the Bill of Rights, and a tradition (rare, surely) of civic responsibility and Simplicity local polities, but all this is carried out with a refreshing lack of unction and pomposity. It is a most charming and beguiling film.

The Hungarian film, **A Sunday Romance**, has been given an "X" Certificate—and I am quite at a loss to know why. Directed with great sensitivity by Mr. Imré Feher and imaginatively photographed by Mr. Janos Badal, it seemed to me to tell a touching little story of a bygone age so appealingly that it could not give the slightest offence.

A handsome young journalist, Mr. Ivan Darvas, living in a provincial town during World War One, is supposed to be doing his military service—but this amounts to no more than donning a private's uniform, to "show willing," every Sunday. The rest of the week he works for the local newspaper and amuses himself with the girls—of whom a lawyer's daughter, Miss Vali Korompai, can probably be regarded as the best match.

One Sunday, wearing his humble uniform and strolling in the park, he meets a beautiful peasant girl, Miss Margit Bara, who falls in love with him and lets him take her home to the room she occupies in the flat owned by her employers. It is the lawyer's flat and she is the family's maid.

It is inevitable that, after she has become Mr. Darvas's mistress, Miss Bara should discover that her lover can never marry her as his station is far above her own: she does so when Mr. Darvas comes to dine as a guest of Miss Korompai. Miss Bara's anguish and dignity make this encounter heart-rending—the one sharply poignant moment in an otherwise gentle and dreamily nostalgic film.

A cliché-riddled script, by Mr. Kenneth Taylor, dull direction and some distinctly ham-flavoured acting, conspired to put me off **Beyond This Place**—which is based on a novel by Mr. A. J. Cronin (who, if faithfully represented, must be slipping).

Mr. Johnson, evacuated to America as a child during the blitz, returns to Liverpool to find, to his horror, that his father, Mr. Bernard Lee, did not die as a hero during the war but is serving a life sentence for murder. Though not bright, it seemed to me, Mr. J. manages to get his father released and unmasks the real murderer. Mr. Lee gives a fine, horrifying performance as a man brutalized by 18 years' wrongful imprisonment—but the story is so slight and full of holes, you could use it as a hair-net.



*A congratulatory call for Doris Day, heroine of **It Happened To Jane** (reviewed here), who is celebrating her twelfth year as a top-line star. She made her screen début in 1947, when she was unknown except as a band singer*

#### THE FILMS:

*It happened to Jane*

Doris Day  
Jack Lemmon  
Ernie Kovacs  
Steve Forrest  
dr. Richard Quine

*A Sunday romance*  
Margit Bara  
Ivan Darvas  
Maria Lazar

Vali Korompai  
dr. Imré Feher

*Beyond this place*

Van Johnson  
Vera Miles  
Bernard Lee

Emlyn Williams  
Jean Kent  
dr. Jack Cardiff

*The night of the quarter moon*  
Julie London  
John Drew Barrymore

Anna Kashfi  
Nat "King" Cole  
dr. Hugo Haas

In **The Night Of The Quarter Moon**, the climax is a court scene in the course of which a quadroon (Miss Julie London) is asked to strip to prove that her white husband (Mr. John Drew Barrymore) must have guessed her colour was not just a sun tan. This has me echoing Mr. Sinatra: "Au revoir, cherie! It's the French Foreign Legion for me!"

## The season for saxophones

BY DINT of careful procrastination in my choice of records to review, I can at last present a veritable galaxy of saxophonists, all at the peak of their form, who lead the contemporary scene. Columbia's "Sittin' in" album features Stan Getz, Coleman Hawkins, and Paul Gonsalves on tenors. Hawkins is the "founder member" of the school, and blows with much more warmth than Getz, the thinking technician.

Gonsalves was heard here with Ellington last autumn, but he has yet to convince me that he is anything but a "hot-toned" swinger prone to evolving his solos around fast but conventional chord progressions. In the slow ballad selection it is hard to distinguish between Hawk and Paul, but Getz's pure high-pitched sound is outstanding. Dizzy Gillespie contributes some slick trumpet playing.

High on my list of contemporary soloists is Sonny Rollins. With his tenor roots sprouting more from Lester Young than Hawkins, he still conveys the tangential thoughts of Charlie Parker, the greatest of all post-war saxophone influences. His M-G-M album, "Big Brass," presents him in front of a fabulous swinging big band, where he makes the most of his opportunities. The coarse-toned tenor rides through the band with perfect ease, expressive and bold in execution.

Overall perfection can confuse any issue, but I regard the immaculate playing of Ben Webster in a quartet combination with Art Tatum as something out of the ordinary. Webster started his tenor career in Kansas City in the 'twenties, talked his way through the ranks of Fletcher Henderson and Duke Ellington, and then took to free-lance work. What makes his record so good is its underlying simplicity—an intense clarity of thought on the part of two great musicians, whose ideas of jazz are identical.

Gene Ammons, by contrast, adopts a funky sound, allied to a fairly modern interpretation, in his Esquire album. He fronts an interesting seven-piece group, with trumpeter Art Farmer and guitarist Kenny Burrell much in evidence. This is improvisation of quite a different order, thrusting, aggressive, and consistently imbued with a streak of conscious searching for something not quite within their reach.

Last but not the least of my saxophonists comes altoist Johnny Hodges, properly abetted by

## RECORDS

by Gerald Lascelles

### THE RECORDS:

Tatum-Webster Quartet  
12-in. L.P.  
£1 10s. 0d.  
Columbia  
33CX10137

Johnny Hodges,  
The big sound  
12-in. L.P.  
£1 10s. 0d.  
Columbia  
33CX10136

Gillespie, Getz, etc.  
Sittin' in  
12-in. L.P.  
£1 10s. 0d.  
Columbia  
33CX10130

Sonny Rollins  
The big brass

12-in. L.P.  
£1 14s. 9½d.  
MGM-C776

Gene Ammons Funky  
12-in. L.P.  
£1 17s. 9½d.  
Esquire 32-007

Dave Brubeck Impressions of Eurasia  
12-in. L.P.  
£1 15s. 9½d.  
Fontana TFL5051



*The advantages of a dog's life are being explained by Kevin Corcoran to a friend who has suffered an unfortunate change of status. A scene from Walt Disney's new comedy-fantasy **The Shaggy Dog***

members of the Ellington band, of which he is such an important member. There is a firm "ducal" imprint over the whole album, one of those swingy affairs which results from years of understanding bred between men who work consistently together. Of the five records, this represents the most preconceived idea, but probably involved the least amount of rehearsal. Hodges is almost as quietly spoken in music as he is off the bandstand, but he leaves nothing unsaid by the end of the album.

In brief, there are two Brubeck quartet LPs, one a nebulous collection of popular tunes recorded in 1952 and 1955 for Vogue; the second is a bolder excursion into "Eurasia," following last year's tour. In his curious superficial way, Mr. Brubeck has transposed one or two interesting ideas into his piano/alto music. Joe Morello's finger drumming in "Calcutta Blues" is the most memorable piece.

## Her Persian crusade began with DDT

BOOKS  
*by Siriol  
gh-Jones*

LIVES DEDICATED TO GOOD WORKS, however admirable in fact, often make tricky material for autobiography. All too often one emerges from them slumped into a sad heap of guilt and inferiority, conscious of one's lack of stern purpose, moral tone, determination to succeed against odds and other brisk, bracing, uncomfortable characteristics of personality. *Reveille For A Persian Village*, by Najmeh Najafi with Helen Hinckley, is not like this at all. It is an exhilarating and splendid book, a record of an astonishing achievement that makes one want to cheer, a bright, glittering window on a world a million miles away from London and the routine problems of beginning and ending another middle-class day.

The author is a thoroughly remarkable Persian girl from an aristocratic, well-to-do family, who gave up the life which she and her relatives were traditionally expected to live, went to America to study, and learnt a great deal about the West while remaining resolutely Persian at heart. This book is a record of how she set out—without friends and with little money—to make the lives of 1,500 villagers tolerable in a little community called Sarbandan not far from her own city of Teheran.

If you have ever wondered what it would be like to start life all over again from scratch, working out each practical detail and fighting every step of the way, this is the book that tells you all about how to do-it-yourself. Miss Najafi wasn't just learning about how to apply high-gloss paint to the kitchen with a roller. She started with DDT, courage, and unlimited sensibility about other people's feelings.

She is also clearly a formidable compound of gentleness, fact, love and iron determination, and the villagers of Sarbandan, though suspicious and unwilling at first to accept her, had no option once she had made up her mind. She introduced hygiene and medical care, she cured the children and nursed the sick, she started a clinic and a school and a work centre where the villagers could learn to weave during the long, brutal, poverty-stricken winters. She trained girls to help her.

She worked some sort of a miracle, and went on to start all over again at another village, this time with a husband to help her.

This is a most unsentimental book, drawing a picture of life lived at the level where every slice of bread is more precious than jewels, and every family knows appalling sickness and sudden death at first hand. It exerts all the hypnotic fascination



of a monologue by a fanatically obsessed person who is also an extrovert with a great gift for happiness. The book runs month by month, and builds up a marvellous picture of Persian village life through the year. The author is not a professional writer (and I have a personal and fussy dislike for the Americanisms in the book) but she has a lyric eye and a gift for involving the reader immediately in the things about which she feels most strongly.

This is a fierce, energetic, feminine and wholly captivating book that I strongly recommend.

Briefly . . . Robert Graves's *Collected Poems, 1959* ought to be bought, not borrowed or read standing on one leg in a bookshop, because they are so superb and will provide you with a great deal more value than half a dozen packets of cigarettes. Mr. Graves has the face of a golden, tired but formidable emperor on a coin, and a poetic gift as fine as the face. . . .

Heather Jiminez is the daughter of a Philadelphia lawyer, but her cheerful autobiography—*But I Wouldn't Want To Live There*—skids away from her home town with amazing speed and follows the breathless course of her travels, with two daughters, in the wake of a Spanish husband who wore a bowler hat and covered the world in the course of his duties for Unesco. The book takes in housekeeping in Mexico, finding accommodation for conference delegates in Beirut, hiring unnerving mother's helps of all nations, staying in England with her Anglo-Spanish in-laws (this is a fine chapter) and recovering from paralytic polio. It is a first book, full of life and an endearing, unforced gaiety, with a deal of strength and idiosyncrasy of vision behind the funniness. . . .

John Bowen's *The Centre Of The Green* is an odd, irresistibly readable novel about a small, sad, desperate family, two of whom seemed to me so unpleasant that only Mr. Bowen's undoubted skill and cunning kept me following their melancholy predicament. This author is disturbingly knowledgeable about contemporary diseases, such as loneliness and familial cruelty and the isolation of one generation from another. I am not at all sure that the theme and characters of this novel are worth the treatment they get, but Mr. Bowen is someone who is going to press on. (He is also the author of one of the most haunting and sad children's books—for very grown-up children—I have read, *The Mermaid And The Boy*, which I recommend for those in search of something strange and unique.)

Out-of-the-ordinary children's book is *The Lonely Doll*. Its author, Dare Wright (she lives in New York), started as a model, then turned photographer. The book records in pictures the life of a doll Edith, here seen with schoolteacher Mr. Bear and Little Bear. Publishers are the Oldbourne Press

### THE BOOKS:

*Reveille for a Persian village* by Najmeh Najafi with Helen Hinckley (Gollancz, 21s.)  
*Collected poems, 1959* by Robert Graves (Cassell, 21s.)

*But I wouldn't want to live there* by Heather Jiminez (Muller, 11s. 6d.)  
*The centre of the green* by John Bowen (Faber, 15s.)



Point of departure for a ball gown (opposite page) is that hidden beautifier, the foundation. Spotlighted here and on the following pages are summer underpinnings that are fresh and pretty, controlling but comfortable

## STAYS as sweet as you are

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHEL MOLINARE



**For an occasion**, a full-length ball gown built on romantic proportions. Ingredients here: Silk paper taffeta, softly swathed top in leaf green, span of sugar pink belt and a gentle sweep of white skirt spotted in pink. Coat in matching green taffeta. Ball gown and coat from the master hand of Pierre Balmain, copied exactly and available at Harvey Nichols.

**Undercover story:** Gently persuasive basque in lace and nylon net has detachable shoulder straps, extra low back and front zip. English Rose Foundation, £2 15s., at Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly Circus, W.1. Pretty additions: multi-coloured silk pumps cost 5 gns., by Delmanette at Dickins & Jones

**Underlying element** in a glamorous ball gown is a good foundation.

*Above, left:* Figure-firming bra in Ban-lon lace and Helanca nylon elastic net is worn with a waist-whittling waspie in Helanca elastic net which is lightly boned. Both by Caprice, price: 28s., and £1 19s. 6d. *Right:* A long-line version of the same bra worn with a flower-patterned elastic net girdle. By Caprice: 42s., £3 13s. 6d. Waspie only at Peter Jones. Both bras and the girdle at Peter Jones, Rackhams, Birmingham, Watt & Grant, Aberdeen.

*Far right:* Shadow striping in blue and white adds interest to this gently controlling girdle and bra in nylon elastic. Girdle is reinforced with Ban-lon elastic edges to keep it firmly in place. By Au Fait, bra 22s. 6d., girdle 37s. 6d., at Harvey Nichols, G. H. Lee, Liverpool, Colmers Corsetry, Bath. Scarlet and white striped summer umbrella from Dickins & Jones, £2 12s. 6d.



Shapes present no problem at MacMillan, 17 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3, where transformations are wrought on problem figures. *Above:* An evening corselette in white satin banded with black embroidery (also made in peach or black). Hand-made and perfectly fitted, the corsets cost from 11 gns., the corselettes from 19 gns.

**Couture-cut** clothes demand precision-cut foundations. Mme. Peller, of Rigby & Peller, 12 South Molton Street, W.1, holds a Royal Warrant and designed the made-to-measure corselette in black nylon and lace (*top left*), 23 gns. After-dark accessory: heel-less evening slipper in gold kid. From Pinet, 13 gns. *Left:* Another customer-fitted foundation from Rigby & Peller. Summer bouquets are printed on a nylon corselette, 26 gns. Footnote: white calf shoes from Pinet, £7 19s. 6d.

Young beauty takes a stand in a navy silk tunic suit by Dior. The pared down elegant suit has a shallow-necked top with cover up sleeves and a knee-length skirt. A silken swoosh of fringed stole knots at bust level. For this *haute couture* model *couture* foundation garments designed to individual requirements (like those shown opposite) are essential



STAYS as sweet as  
you are *concluded*



Thomas Rowlandson lived in an age unblessed by the miracle of man-made fibres or the designer's genius. Today the woman of over-generous proportions does not have to resort to whale-bones and stays to control curves. Proving the point: the tempting collection of foundations opposite



**Long line girdle from Kayser Bondor (right)** gives maximum ease of movement. In Ban-lon net it has a front panel of nylon voile with Swiss embroidery backed by nylon taffeta. Nylon poplin bra has adjustable shoulder straps. Girdle, 45s. 6d., bra, 12s. 11d. Both at Bourne & Hollingsworth; Affleck & Brown, Manchester. Shooting stick from Moss Bros., red calf moccasins by Bective



**Sports-loving** American cousins have long realized the advantages of a pantie girdle which combines comfort and control. To give a neat line under slacks, a lightweight girdle in diamond nylon elastic net. By Youthercraft in white, black, larkspur blue and mimosa. 29s. 6d. at D. H. Evans; Beales, Bournemouth; Kendal Milne, Manchester. Croquet mallet and balls from Gordon Lowe

**Pretty looks** combine with firm control in the flower-patterned bra and girdle (*left*) in pink nylon lace. Lightly boned in the front, the elasticized girdle is side-fastening. Matching deep bra has flexible boning over diaphragm. Girdle, £6 19s. 6d., bra, £3 9s. 6d. By Warner, at Gorringes; Brown's, Chester. Also available in white. Italian waxed flowers from Floreeda Flowers, 9 Curzon Place, W.1



**With tennis in mind**, a pantee girdle from Youthercraft in nylon power net with two elastic panels at the front and back. Price, 45s. at D. H. Evans; Beales, Bournemouth; Kendal Milne, Manchester. Tennis equipment from Moss Bros.



## Suited for summer



*Left:* Take a pretty colour, a fabric with washing and crease-resisting virtues, a simple shape and you have the ideal suit to wear through the summer. Pale aquamarine blue is the colour here, sparked off with white. Tricosa's knitted jersey linen and triconyl is used for a slightly bloused jumper top and skirt. The slender skirt is lined for impeccable looks, 19½ gns. Pluspoints: a pure silk aquamarine chiffon scarf is folded into the neckline. 29s. 6d., a pair of gilt bangles, 25s. each, pearl and gilt stud ear-rings, 13s. 6d. *Above:* Spanking white alternative to the jumper top, a short sleeved white triconyl sweater costs £5 19s. 6d. *Top, left:* Slenderly squared-off pumps in creamy calf with little straight heels, laced and bowed in matching calf, 5 gns. All clothes and accessories at Harrods. Photographs taken in the new Vactric showrooms (designed by Ronald Fielding) in Sloane Street, by permission of the Legal & General Assurance Society, Ltd.

PASSPORT—a weekly travel column



## Stockholm—city of islands

by DOONE BEAL

**S**TOCKHOLM, I thought, belonged to the chapter of geography headed "Frozen North." In mid-March, forewarned and forearmed with sweaters and snowboots, I found that most of the time it was warm enough to walk without a topcoat, and I sat in the sun on one occasion positively fanning myself. Admittedly, the weather was a lucky freak for the time of year—but the huge stands of awned café tables put up outside all the restaurants and hotels told its own story: from early June to mid-September, Stockholmers reckon to live, drink and eat out of doors. It has one of the driest climates in Europe, both winter and summer.

The second piece of advice with which the visitor is constantly forearmed is the Swedish sense of etiquette, and not entirely without reason. The ceremony of introduction breaks down barriers like magic, but never expect to initiate a conversation in a railway carriage or a bar. In this respect, the Swedes are a slightly distorted version of ourselves: the sight of a group of Stockholmers breakfasting in a café, wielding their newspapers as to form shields against their neighbours, is not unfamiliar. Their formalities do exceed ours, however, inasmuch as they never use first names except upon considerable acquaintance, and, more important, they are intensely punctual: the hapless, breathless tourist, full of excuses, is not entirely forgiven for the bad manners of being five minutes late.

Stockholm is a city of islands whose intervening stretches of water are spanned by a series of sweeping bridges. At night particularly, the spread of lights and spires, bridges and water must be accounted one of the great sights of the world. And yet in spite of its apparent space, the heart of the city is so small that one can walk from one end of it to the other within an hour—and drive, so to speak, off the map in ten minutes. Even with an amateur bump for locality it is surprisingly easy to navigate because the landmarks—whether the Town Hall tower, the green copper spire of the Nordic Museum, or the rotating roof-top sign of the N.K. department store—are never out of sight.

Orienteate yourself with a two-hour trip by boat under the bridges and around the islands; or fly over the whole archipelago—there is an excellent guided excursion lasting about 20 minutes from Bromma Airport, bookable through Scandinavian Airlines. On land, once you know the geography, even the most confirmed taxi-flopper will discover that by far the best and most pleasant way to see Stockholm is to walk (but, ladies! not in spindle heels, as most of the streets are cobbled).

There is a lot to see: an esoteric variety of

museums includes those devoted to telephones, agriculture, the brewing trade, biology and the art of dance. The Royal Palace has some apartments open to the public. Many of the kings are buried in the Riddarholmskyrkan, a fascinating church now virtually a museum, hung with the insignia of Sweden's old aristocracy and other notables, Churchill and Eisenhower included, who have been given the select Order of Seraphim. The churches are not open all the time, so check up.

Stockholm is well endowed with sculpture of various kinds—even if you are tone deaf, have a look at Carl Milles's magnificent Orpheus group outside the Concert Hall. Ten minutes away by car, on Lidingo island, is the museum and garden containing all his important works. Another interesting place, on the nearby island of Djurgarden, is the house of the painter Prince Eugen (brother of the late Gustav V). When he died, he left his house, with the collection of his own and other paintings, mostly Impressionist, to the nation.

Perhaps you are a non-sightseer, but merely want to look at the city as a whole? Go up the hill to Skansen, an open air museum-cum-park, with a restaurant and a quite Olympian view of the city; or take the lift to the top of the Town Hall tower; or, as an incidental to dining, go to one of the new hotels, the Foresta, which is on the same island of Lidingo as the Millesgorden. Here, on top of a cliff and five floors up, is a glass walled restaurant, part of which has a 360 degree sweep of the city.

It is as well to know your way around Stockholm's licensing laws—no more irksome than our own, I may say, but different enough to repay a little study. Theatre bars and pleasure steamers are dry, although great efforts are being made to relax the rules especially for the latter. A bar is a place where you get milk or light beer, not alcohol proper, and a self-service arrangement of cold food. A café or trattoria usually has a wine licence and more elaborate fare, hot or cold. You can eat most satisfactorily in one of these for about 8 kroner, including wine and coffee. In a cocktail bar attached to a hotel or restaurant you can drink what and when you like, up to midnight.

Stockholm is one of the few cities in the world outside France of a comparable food standard. Perhaps the most fashionable rendezvous is Riche, in the Birger Jarlsgatan: it has a theatre grill (one of the few places to be granted a summer drinking licence after midnight), a gregarious and decorative cocktail bar, very much the social hub of the town, and a large main restaurant with appropriate ceremony, dignity and "plats

continued overleaf



Narrow streets and steep slopes in the old town retain a medieval atmosphere



Carl Milles's giant statue  
The Sun Singer overlooks the Strom Bridge



At night, Stockholm's lights, spires and bridges are reflected in the water



Drottningholm, the 17th-century Royal Palace on Lake Malar, near Stockholm

P A S S P O R T continued from page 391

flambé". Cost of a complete meal, including aperitifs, wines and liqueurs might be in the region of 50 kroner a head (about £3 10s.), but it does represent Stockholm's top prices.

Under the same management is Stallmastaregården, near Haga. The location is a surprise, since one sees nothing but trees and lake, only 15 minutes' walk from the city centre. A conversion of the Royal Stables-master's lodge, it has been an inn since the middle of the 17th century. There is an open charcoal grill with an extensive, top price menu, and a smaller room where you can eat your fill of smörgåsbord for around 11 kroner.

The Strand Hotel, overlooking the turbulent sweep where the Baltic meets the waters of Lake Malar, has a rooftop restaurant and a ground level, contemporary dining-room, called the Maritime, which specializes in fish. It is good by any standard and the cellar is impressive: try their shrimp pancake, followed by a truly Epicurean *saumon en papillote*.

Completely different is Berns. It claims to be the biggest restaurant in Europe, but I'd say the claim was modest. It is the nearest thing to dining in an opera house I

have ever known. Its two rooms (each, in fact, the size of a small theatre), are at right angles to each other; the décor is early 19th-century with (oddly) some Moorish overtones, red plush, gigantic chandeliers, gilt mirrors and more gilt wherever there was room left to put it. People come here as a compromise between dinner and theatre: the floor show, staged with some éclat, starts at 10 p.m., and lasts for well over an hour. It has been the platform for Belafonte, Piaff, Trenet, opera singers and even ballet.

Rarely have I known a city which induced such a high degree of spending fever as Stockholm. The window displays in general, the china, ceramics and glass in particular—positively dazzle. Manufacturers of glass such as Orrefors, Kosta, Reijmyre and Boda, fix the retail price at the factory so that prices do not differ from shop to shop. What may vary, of course, is the range of glass in stock. Broadly speaking, the price of a crystal wine glass starts at about seven kroner, and that of ordinary glass at about three (the kroner is worth 1s. 4d.). Some of the best places at which to buy it are the somewhat American-type department store, Nordiska Kompaniet (always known as N.K.), Sveaglas, in Regeringsgatan, and Svenskt Glass in Birger Jarlsgatan, which is one of the best shopping streets. A few doors away, in the same street, is Gustavsberg, who have original ceramics of all kinds and some very attractive white stoneware inlaid with silver, which I saw nowhere else.

The Stockholm Festival is from May 31 to June 14. Apart from performances at the Opera House and the Concert Hall, the highlight is the season of little opera at the Drottningholm Theatre (Gluck's *Orpheus*, for one). Drottningholm, a charming baby Versailles, is on Lake Malar, a few miles from the city, and still a royal residence.

Stockholm is in many ways a sophisticated city. The sartorial standard is high, the shops are, as I said, luscious and the restaurants cater for late and leisured dining. And yet, any visitor accustomed to travelling in France and Italy will find in Sweden a different attitude. Tourism here is still a side issue. One finds, perhaps, that less is done for the tourist than in southern Europe. On the other hand, it is refreshing, for a change, not to be made to feel like one.

## B R I G G S by Graham



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1

## BEAUTY

## Prelude to summer

by JEAN CLELAND

**M**AY IS THE MONTH to try a new departure in your search for pretty summer looks. Newly blossoming in the beauty field is a collection of spring brighteners devised by leading beauty-makers for you to try. First comes the new satin look created by Coty to complement the season's fashion. This is achieved by the use of a lovely new make-up called *Satin Pearl*. You start with *Instant Beauty*, a foundation which gives an undertone of soft creamy rose to the skin. Next comes *Airspun* face powder, also in *Satin Pearl* to give a smooth finish. Lastly 24 Lipstick in the new *Rose Satin* to highlight the mouth. For retouching use *Quick Satin*, the new Coty cream powder shade. A touch of this during the day keeps the satin look immaculate.

Now for summer beauty in hair styles. Alexis of Antoine has designed an entirely new type of *perruque* for evening wear. He has experimented with materials used for *perruques* and added feathers, ribbons, net and stiffened paper. Three examples are



shown on this page. Alexis himself calls them fantastically elegant, which is just the way a woman wants to look and feel at party time.

To stimulate a feeling of luxury and well-being the next requirement is a *Champagne Bubble Bath*. Made by Sorelle in a variety of sizes (from sufficient for 20 baths to a junior pack containing three) you can buy them in three perfumes: *Pink Rose*, *Jasmine*, and *Bouquet*.

Another brand-new one is the *Badedas Foam Bath*. Manufactured in the Black Forest in Germany, this has the virtue of a spa bath which you can take in your own home. *Badedas* contains various vitamins that prevent dryness of skin. It also has chlorophyll and a horse chestnut extract, which stimulates the circulation. This, together with the scent of pine, and the fluffiness of the foam, makes the bath invigorating, and just the thing to liven you up for a festive evening.

Few things express the spring and early summer feeling better than a lovely perfume. Harriet Hubbard Ayer has a new *Parfum de Toilette* called *Ayeristocrat* which is light and refreshing, has an elegant note with a long lasting scent and can be used on its own without the addition of a more concentrated perfume. In line with modern interest in hypnotism, Max Factor has introduced a scent called *Hypnotic*. This can be had in a sequence of perfume, cologne and talc. *Remember* is a new Goya scent introduced by Douglas Collins, and since there is nothing more nostalgic than scent, he could hardly have chosen a better name. *Remember* can be bought in the full range of Goya fragrance products.

After an almost complete absence of ten years, Houbigant's lovely perfumes are now on sale in this country. There are many who will give an enthusiastic welcome to *Chantilly*, suggesting green woods and sunshine; also to the spring-like *Quelque Fleurs*, and to the more sophisticated *Flatterie*.



2



3

1 *Stiffened paper is tinted and tipped for this perruque. With it goes a glamorous lace mask*

2 *The same perruque minus the mask with the addition of a swirl of veiling*

3 *Blue ostrich feathers are used here for a plumed head-hugging style designed with a young look*

# Counter spy

explores the changing City  
in search of places where  
London's in-a-hurry visitors  
can do their shopping

PHOTOGRAPHS BY NEIL PEPPÉ



Green lizard cigarette case (also in red, black or brown), price: £5 10s., and set of mother-of-pearl and silver cuff links with three blue-centred studs, for evening wear, price: £3 17s. 6d. From the giftware department of Mappin & Webb, silversmiths, goldsmiths and jewellers, 2 Queen Victoria Street, E.C.4



Pair of traditional Waterford glass decanters in crystal with flat fluting, price: £8 each. From Alexander Clark, silversmiths and jewellers, who have a first-class selection of china, glass and leather goods. The shop is on the ground floor of Fountain House, a new skyscraper in Fenchurch Street, E.C.4

Random choice from Ogden Smiths, specialists in shooting and fishing equipment, whose City branch is at 2-3 Royal Exchange, E.C.3. Shooting boots, price: £4 17s., angler's knife containing penknife, scissors, hook-file, disgorger and screwdriver, price: £2 10s., thread-line spinning reel, price: £9 9s. 6d. and a selection of spinners, prices: from 5s. 6d.



**Leadenhall Market**, one of the famous markets in the City, has its main entrance in Gracechurch Street. Established originally in 1357 as a poultry market, it is now mostly inhabited by butchers, fishmongers and poulterers. There is also a wonderful cheese shop called Marsh's at No. 13, whose selection of Continental and English cheeses is practically unequalled in the City. They are the sole importers in this country of *Robbiola d'Introbio*, an unusual Italian cheese rather like *Bel Paese*, price 3s. 9d. for 9 oz.

**Ship Tavern Passage** is a turning off Gracechurch Street (not far from Leadenhall Market). Here, at No. 7, is the City Bookshop. Their books cover every subject, from the classics to modern literature and art. The shop is well-planned and books easily found. Display cabinets show the latest, most exciting additions. There is a large section of paper-backs and some beautiful but expensive art books. Their price range is wide.

**Longmans**, the florists at 21 Fenchurch Street (also in Ludgate Circus) have been established in the City since 1896. Their business covers every aspect, from everyday selling of cut flowers to supplying the Mansion House. They are also founder members of Interflora. For people getting married in the graceful old churches in and around the City, Longmans can make up bouquets and posies and do all the flower decorations. Bridal bouquets from about 5 gns., bridesmaids' from about 3 gns. according to the time of year. They will deliver anywhere in London including to travellers entering or leaving the Pool of London. Their staff work on the spot, so that orders can be taken up to four o'clock in the afternoon and delivered the same day.

*Minette Shepard*

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*Traffic in retreat: Encounter near Oxford Street and, far left, supervisor, unused meters, few cars in Grosvenor Square*

## MOTORING

# Meter morality

by GORDON WILKINS

THE MINISTER OF TRANSPORT says London's parking meters are a success. By autumn, there will probably be 770 installed in Holborn and 476 in St. Marylebone, in addition to the 625 already put into use by the Westminster City Council.

What are they achieving? First, the wide spacing of the meters is reducing the number of cars which can be parked in a given space by about 20 per cent. Secondly, they are forcing cars used daily by business people out of the central area, to make room for casual visitors who want to make short stops. Congestion is being increased in the surrounding areas and many people who paid a lot of purchase tax to acquire personal transport are having to leave it at home and squeeze on to the already overcrowded public transport, in squalid and unhealthy conditions which the law would not permit for the transport of animals, but tolerates in the case of human beings. The traffic problem is being solved by abolishing the traffic.

The parking meter scheme was passed by Parliament on a solemn undertaking that the revenues from the meters would be used to provide off-street parking accommodation. Until that has been done, it is premature to talk of success.

But what is happening to those revenues? The estimated take from the meters in Mayfair is £34,000 a year. After paying for supervision and amortizing the cost of the meters, Westminster City Council expected to have about £19,000 a year towards the cost of garages or parking places. Innocent, credulous councillors! They reckoned without the Inland Revenue boys who have decided that hiring out our streets is a

business, and propose to relieve them of about half the proceeds by way of income tax and profits tax.

The government presumably knew the law when they put the meter scheme before Parliament but did they reveal that they were going to grab half the proceeds in taxes? As I remember it, there was a deafening silence on the subject. If a company promoter sells shares without revealing the true extent of the company's financial liabilities, he goes to prison. Must there be a difference between the morality of governments and that expected of private citizens?

There is a serious risk that money not immediately swallowed up in expenses and taxes may be allowed to accumulate because of one difficulty or another, until someone decides it would be absurd to squander all this lovely money on the original objectives, just as they did with the Road Fund.

To solve the parking problem quickly there could have been a public loan to finance the construction of underground garages and parking places, the loan being serviced and repaid out of a rehabilitated Road Fund and the garage revenues. With that and the £110,000 which is being spent defacing the streets and squares of central London with parking meters, we could have had some public works of permanent value. A disc scheme, like that in Paris, would have prevented the commuters cluttering up the streets.

This sort of thing is done by unregenerate foreigners to provide themselves with splendid roads and parking places, but here it is known as hypothecating revenue, and is considered not quite nice.

The present government is the only one we have ever had which has recognized the gravity of the traffic problem and made any serious attempt to solve it. It has also tried to repair the damage done to public faith in political integrity by the Post-War Credits. It will be a pity if it mars the record by allowing the parking meter scheme to start drifting into the kind of situation which turned the Road Fund into such a monstrous and cynical confidence trick.

From parking to another expense—insurance. A further rise in premiums is forecast and as usual, some people are protesting that the

innocent pay for the guilty. But in practice, the bad drivers (and perhaps some good ones who have had a run of bad luck) are already penalized by loss of bonus, higher premiums, and by having to pay part of every claim.

Extra-high insurance premiums (25-50 per cent over normal rates) and severe policy restrictions have already played their part in driving sports cars off the roads. The Economist Intelligence Unit has just reported in *Motor Business* that home market sports car sales have shrunk to about 3,000 a year, or about six per cent of our total sports car output.

Cars, especially small cars, sell better abroad if they have sporty lines, but designers sit up late at night trying to evolve something saleable which will not be classed a sports car by the insurance companies, for this is the kiss of death as far as the home market is concerned. The Triumph Herald coupé (incorrectly described as a sports coupé in a photograph caption on this page a week or two back) is the ideal car for young married couples, with room for one or two children on the occasional seats and space for a lot of luggage or camping kit in the trunk. It has the same performance as a Hillman Minx, but costs less to run, and it would be tragic if it were frozen out of the home market through being classed with the sports cars for insurance purposes.

However, if we can no longer go to sporting events in a sports car, there is no drop in the popularity of motoring sport as a spectacle. Latest sprint course is a half-mile climb up the drive of Ragley Hall, Alcester, residence of the Marquess of Hertford. There is a tricky S-bend in the middle and a fast left-hander at the top which has to be driven largely from memory, owing to the configuration of the ground.

At the first meeting, organized by Sunbac and by the Bugatti club (who sportingly helped although their own hill climb, Prescott, is not far away) the best performance was made by a Cooper 1,000 driven by B. Eccles in 28 sec. My own climb up the course was made riding with the Marquess in the jeep he recently bought for £30. Perched high, with no windscreen and nothing much to hold on to, I began to realize how the mechanics must have felt on Grand Prix cars at the beginning of the century.

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## DINING IN

**A secret comes my way**

by HELEN BURKE

IN THE HOTEL PROVENCAL, Villefranche-sur-Mer, on the sunny shores of the Mediterranean, after what had virtually been a several-years' campaign, I at last managed to entice from Madame Duchateau the recipe for the special *Pâté Maison en Terrine*. Although I have several *pâtés* of this kind which I like very much, this one has always excited my imagination.

Many of us have been disappointed with recipes given to us by chefs when we are abroad—not because they are incorrect, but because the ingredients we get at home are not always just right. In *pâtés*, for instance, I have long abandoned the use of the fat dried salt pork so often called for because it has sometimes been slightly rancid. Many other cooks must have discovered the same thing. But how to achieve the same results? Well, I know now, because Robert Mouty is not only an excellent chef but also a generous man. He has, too, the cleanest tiled kitchen I have ever visited.

The following recipe may seem formidable because it has so many ingredients. But since it is made in two operations, even a person leading a busy away-from-home-all-day life, would find time to make the dish on, say, successive evenings.

To develop its full flavour, the *pâté* must be left for at least 3 days—4 to 5 would be better—and, if stored in the least cold part of the refrigerator, will keep in perfect condition for at least 3 weeks.

Cut 1 lb. skinned neck pork into  $1\frac{1}{2}$ -inch pieces or slices to approximate. Place them in a bowl large enough to contain all the ingredients. Add the same weight of pig's liver, cut in similar-sized pieces and freed of all unwanted tissue. Sprinkle over them a chopped onion, 4 not-too-large cloves of garlic and 1 scant gram (a tip of the cutting-up knife) saltpetre. This saltpetre with the fresh pork is equivalent to salt dried pork or unsmoked bacon and is very much more satisfactory. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  claret glass of dry white wine, one of armagnac or cognac and a half glass of olive oil. ("This is very important," says M. Mouty.) Add, too, a scant level dessertspoon of coarse salt, a bay leaf, a dessertspoon sugar, about  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon dried thyme and, finally, one eighth pint of dry white wine.

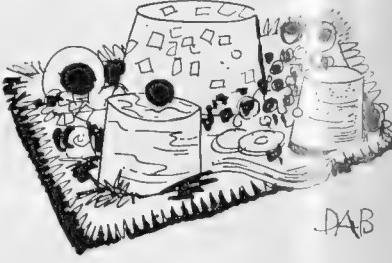
The chef, having washed his already clean hands, proceeded to mix the ingredients thoroughly with them. This is more effective than using a wooden spoon. He patted the mixture level, covered it and placed it in the refrigerator until the next day, when I returned to see the conclusion.

He passed the meats, onion and garlic through the medium-sized blade of the mincing-machine, then transferred them and all the liquids

to his electric mixer and gave them 15 minutes' vigorous mixing, adding 5 raw eggs towards the end. He had ready 3 large chicken livers, well trimmed and cut into  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch squares, and a tablespoon of canned truffles. He added them to the other mixture and reduced the speed so as not to smash down the livers or break up the truffles.

If this mixing is done by hand, it will take at least  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour which, after all, is something of a chore. Meanwhile, he lined a long rectangular heavy enamelled iron terrine with long thin pieces of pork fat cut from the loin and the width of it. (This is easily obtainable at home.) The strips fitted closely and overhung the sides of the terrine. He filled the dish with the *pâté* mixture, levelled it with a large palette knife, shaking the knife to settle the mixture well and obliterate any air pockets.

He then drew the overhanging fat over the top of the *pâté*, put on the lid, stood the terrine in a large roasting tin with warmish water coming half-way up it, and glazed it for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours in an oven pre-heated to 350 deg. F. or gas mark 4. The temperature was then reduced to 300 deg. F., or gas mark 2 and the terrine was left in it for a



further hour. Knowing that 350 deg. F., in some ovens, can be a little hot, I warn that too-hot an oven can result in shrinkage and too firm a *pâté*.

On taking the terrine from the oven, the chef poured into it enough liquid aspic to reach up to the resting place of the lid and of a consistency to set firmly when cold. (This can be made from a packet of aspic powder.) He covered it with a weighted board, barely the size of the top of the dish and with its corners rounded so that it sat right down on the *pâté*. The dish was left to become cold, then placed in the refrigerator for the 3 to 5 days.

Any straight-sided dish will do—a *saucière* dish, for instance. If a round dish is used, there is no need for the board, since there is certain to be a plate or saucer to stand in for it.

So far, I have written of "terrine," but, as a matter of fact, the above amounts made 2 terrines. I suggest that, to begin with, it would be a good idea to halve the quantities and make one good terrine of them.

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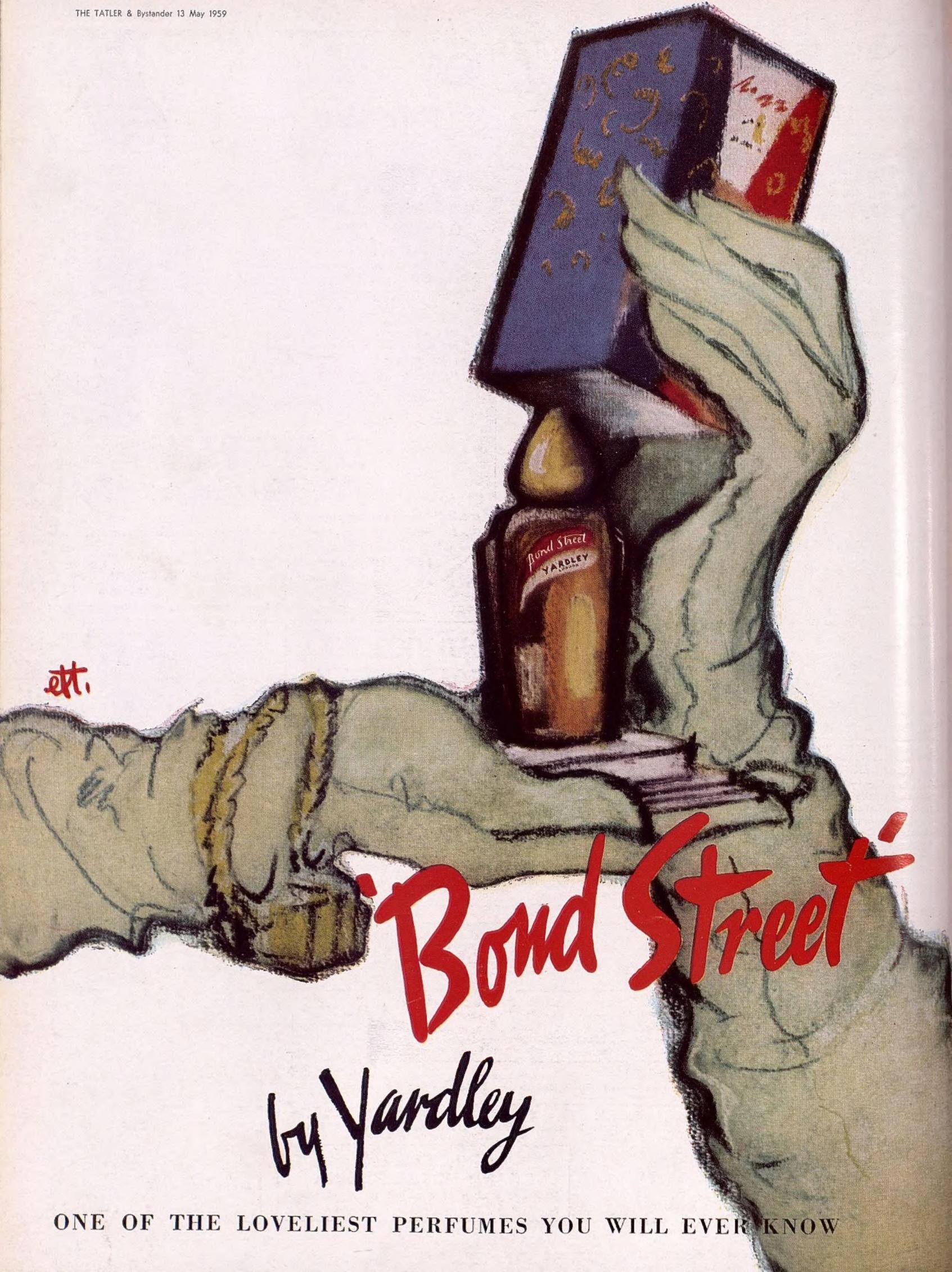


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